THE BYSTANDER
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FEBRUARY 20, 1935

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The BYSTANDER

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"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Third Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

FELIXSTOWE

on March 23rd and 24th, 1935

(*Headquarters*: The Felix Hotel)

1934: M. R. Gardner *(winner)* and Viscount Mandeville *(runner-up)*

1933: J. L. N. Pollock *(runner-up)* and L. B. Sanderson *(winner)*

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy.
Holder: M. R. Gardner (Parkstone).

• Railway and Hotel Arrangements for the Week-End

The L.N.E.R. will issue to competitors staying at the Felix Hotel combined rail and hotel week-end tickets (Friday to Monday) by any train from Liverpool Street—and also from Bishop's Stortford, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Chelmsford, Newmarket and Norwich—at the inclusive price of £4 2 0.

This includes first-class return railway journey • dinner on the train or at the hotel on Friday • full board at the Felix Hotel on Saturday and Sunday, with the alternative of lunch at the Clubhouse • breakfast at the hotel or on the train on Monday morning • Green fees • free use of Hard Tennis and Squash Courts • free conveyance of luggage between the station and the hotel.

• Conditions

Play will be for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes. Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 23rd. When cards have been returned, the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players. The best four returns from the top half of the draw and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy Eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap, the first round being played on Saturday afternoon, and the Semi-finals and Final on the Sunday. The remaining Eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy Eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes: if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide, and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor, however badly he plays, must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in competitive golf on the Sunday.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be addressed to The Golf Editor, "Bystander," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. There will be no entry form, but entrants should enclose a handicap certificate. Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

The "Bystander" reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason for so doing.

The Bystander, February 20, 1935

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Lenare

LADY O'NEILL AND HER SON, RAYMOND

A new and attractive photograph of one of the most charming of the young-marrieds and her son and heir. Lady O'Neill was married in 1932, and her son, Raymond Arthur Clanaboy O'Neill, was born in September of the next year. She was Miss Ann Charteris, and is the eldest daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris, and a granddaughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March. One of her sisters is now Viscountess Long of Wraxall. Lord O'Neill succeeded his grandfather, who died in 1928 at the age of eighty-nine; his father was killed in the first year of the war. The O'Neills own the famous Shane's Castle, Antrim, and have a London house in Montagu Square

London Nights and Days

Private Dates and Charity Parties

Below: Mr. J. Pilkington, Miss Marye Pole-Carew, Mr. Claude Strickland and Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry at Lady Blanche Girouard's sherry-party in connection with the "Happy Home" Bazaar (at Claridge's on March 5th, for the West London Hospital)

Right: the good-looking mannequin is Mrs. Sheila Livingstone-Learmonth showing a velvet evening coat at a cocktail-party dress parade given by the shop for which she works. The clothes-conscious audience included a lot of her friends

Swaebe

This Was a Sherry-Party for a Hospital Bazaar

A Good-Looking

Swaebe

A Birthday Party for Lady Mary Lygon

Above are Lady Mary Lygon, Miss Olga Lynn and Mr. McMullin at the Villa Rodet, at which the first-named's twenty-fifth birthday was celebrated last week. On the right are Lady Sibell Lygon, the second of the four sisters, and Mr. Robert Sweeny, and beyond them the engaged couple of the party, the Hon. Edward Jessel and Lady Helen Stewart

Swaebe

Mannequin at a Cocktail-Party Dress Show

Swaebe

Two Débutantes on Committee

Lord Townshend, Lady Maureen Noel, Lord Gainsborough's débutante sister, and Miss Agnes King, Lady Clare King's daughter, another Jubilee bud, were at a meeting at Lady Townshend's house in connection with the People's National Theatre

Young-Marrieds at the San Marco

Lady Veronica Hornby and her husband, Mr. Anthony Hornby, were a tête-à-tête couple one night last week at the San Marco. They are among London's barometers as to where to go and when

Swaebe

At Quaglino's

Lady Lindsay Hogg (better known as Frances Doble) was with Mr. Lionel Neame at Quaglino's when last week's photograph of her was taken

The February-Fill-Dyke Ball

Below are Mr. E. Carbutt and Miss Beatrice Baker; below, again, on the left, are Mr. Guy Ruggles-Brise and Miss Patience Piggott-Brown, and Miss Pamela Ritchie and Mr. W. Tufton in the conversational picture on the right. Count Rossi is on a visit to London from Rome, and Mrs. Rupert Grayson is the wife of the author-publisher. The February-Fill-Dyke Ball was held at Sunderland House, and was in aid of the Girls' Friendly Societies

Count Rossi and Mrs. Rupert Grayson

Needle and Thread

A Charity Exhibition of Needlework at the Duchess of Sutherland's House

Left: Lady Moira Lyttelton and Lady Alistair Innes-Ker doing the Exhibition on the opening day

Right: Mrs. Minto Wilson and Miss Minto Wilson have the intent look of those who know at first hand how to judge one stitch from another

Left: Lady Esher and Lady Horner, the organiser, who is herself an exquisite needlewoman and showed several beautiful pieces of work in the most varying styles

Right: the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Asquith and her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Raymond Asquith, who is Lady Horner's daughter, and another exhibitor of many lovely embroideries

Above: Lady Glenconner talking to Mrs. Hornby and Miss Annesley on the opening day

Right: Lord Illingworth, who is with his wife, was one of the few men who went in to see the collection

Above: the Hon. Mrs. Edwin Montagu was an exhibitor of Italian "couching" work; she is with Lady Phyllis Benton

THE needlework exhibition held at Lady Sutherland's house in Green Street last week, from Tuesday to Sunday, was organised by Lady Horner, the present Earl of Oxford and Asquith's grandmother, in aid of the Westminster Charities and Campion House, Oxford

• FILMS of TO-DAY

"The Gilded Lily"

Above: Ray Milland and Claudette Colbert in the light-hearted Paramount picture, "The Gilded Lily," reviewed on this page

Right: Theo Shall as the villain, Sevilla, in "Ten-Minute Alibi," the film version of Anthony Armstrong's play. A Transatlantic and British Lion picture

Theo Shall in "Ten-Minute Alibi"

All Set

By Sydney Tremayne

A DÉBUT is always interesting, whether it is that of a babe, a maiden, a politician, or an enterprise. We have learned to live on promises (a slender silhouette is fashionable!). *The Dictator* is the first emanation from "Toeplitz Productions, Limited," a new British film company, with a rich Italian producer at its head. The term "British" has become elastic instead of insular, and Wardour Street, rather than Geneva, would seem to be the home of an effective League of Nations.

Signor von Toeplitz has independent ideas about production. He and Alexander Korda could not agree. And yet their methods are similar. Primarily, their idea is pictorial and grandiose. I would say that they have established a new "British" tradition. No American film, except *Queen Christina*, has approached, in dignity, décor, and historical import, pictures like *Henry VIII.*, *The Iron Duke*, and *The Dictator*, emanating from English studios.

But in spite of its very significant and carefully chosen cast and a story of strong, emotional and dramatic portent, the characters and the plot of *The Dictator* are subordinate to the background, because the settings and their brilliant photographic depiction dwarf what we may call the human interest and the magnificently apparelled protagonists. Victor Saville is the director. He is always successful. He is now very experienced. Conscientiousness is the keynote of his direction. But he seems to get less than life from his actors and actresses. This may be because he handles so often players with a somewhat static technique.

Madeleine Carroll has never looked more lovely (and she is a beautiful woman) than she does as Caroline Mathilde, the sister of George III., forced into a political marriage with the dissolute Christian VII. of Denmark, physically and spiritually unable to fulfil her obligations. But, although she is always progressing as an actress, there is a fatal detachment which prevents her from becoming a great actress.

Clive Brook is the male corollary. As the opportunist doctor, Struensee, who sees in the young King's infatuation and admiration the chance to realise his ambitions for himself and his country, and is ruined by the lovely Queen's love, he has a marvellous opportunity, and it is impossible to "fault" his performance; but there is something lacking. These people remain actors and actresses against a glorious—almost too glorious—background, without the pulsating glamour of spontaneous passion.... until the last scene, which is magnificent and moving.

The producer reveals himself. He is more preoccupied with pictures than with people.

ANOTHER débutante, Josephine Hutchinson, the star in *Happiness Ahead*. I may be wrong, but I do not see in her an outstanding personality. She is not wildly beautiful or different, and she has not even any arresting mannerisms or eccentricities which might manifest themselves even in such an ordinary part. She is a competent and pleasing little actress.

The poor little rich girl who pretends to be poor and finds *the* man among the workers (this time it is a window-cleaner), is a threadbare theme, and the musical accompaniment probably shows that the producers do not take it very seriously. Dick Powell sings—or croons, or whatever you choose to call it—and London will dance and the provinces "listen-in" to the facile but indistinguishable rhythms.

"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" is the screen version of Anthony Armstrong's perennial play. For those who cannot afford the fare, it will provide the shadow of that ingenious thriller. Perhaps it proves how good is the play, written expressly for the stage, with admirable economy, that it does not translate satisfactorily, and that the necessary screen elaborations detract from the drama.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is irresistible. No one has had such various parts—queens, courtesans, and working-girls—she is always "in the picture." She might have been stereotyped. Perhaps some day she will be, but until now she has shown herself the most versatile and volatile of the stars. This time, in *The Gilded Lily*, she is a stenographer. Anything is possible, even a gilded or lillified stenographer, and one most forget those with the spots, fat fingers, and bad memories.

The young Earl loves her, and so does the poor reporter. Who can blame them? A most unusual stenographer. A less original film-story. Fred MacMurray is the Press-man who gets a good story and (we hope) a good wife.

In America, the player is the thing; in England all is *set*.

CIRCLING the SQUARES

By MIRON

No. 2. GROSVENOR SQUARE

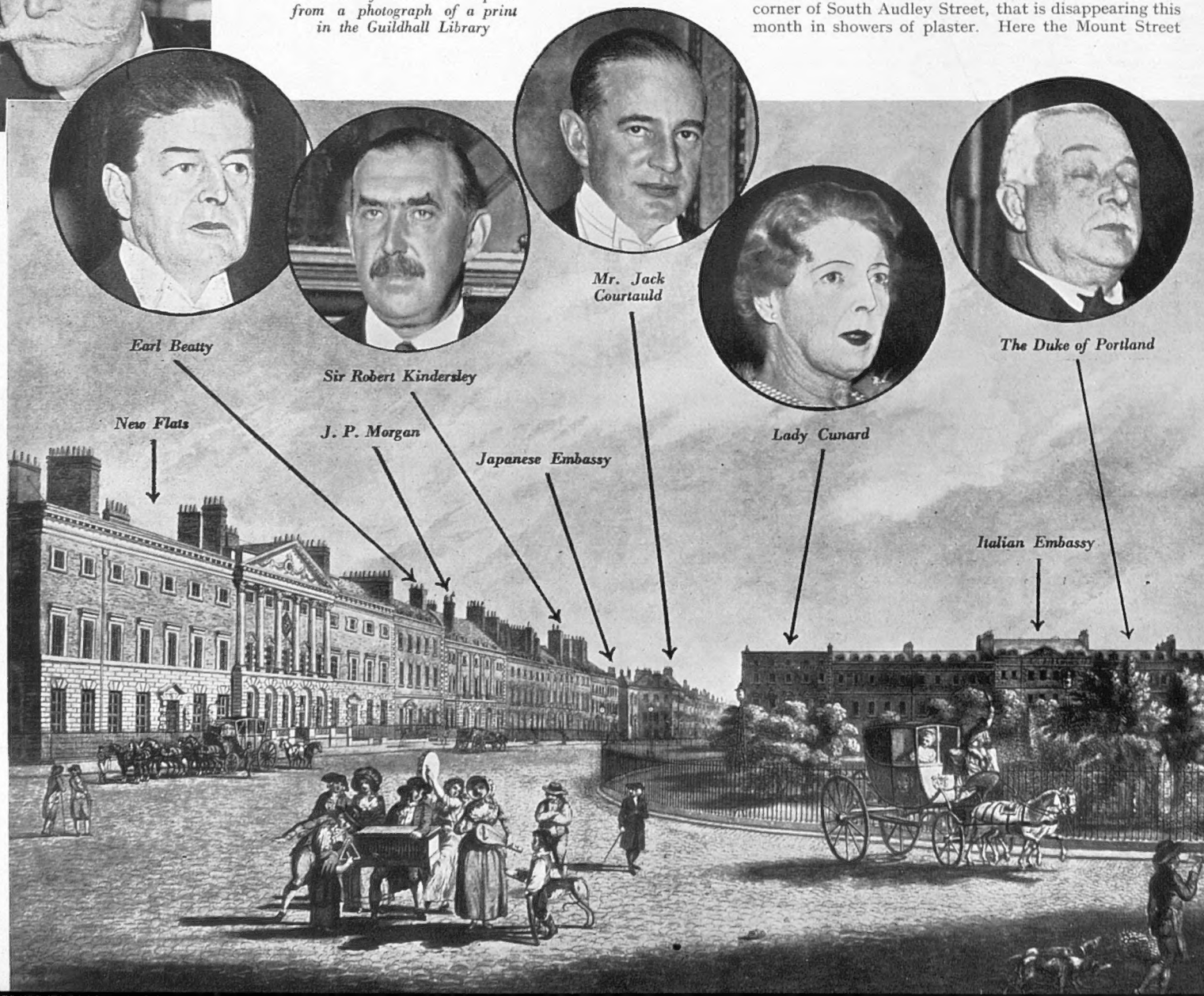
Top, left:
The Duchess of Somerset

Left:
The Marquess of Huntly

A view of Grosvenor Square from a photograph of a print in the Guildhall Library

THEY dance the Continental where once they danced the Minuet—in Grosvenor Square. And the dancers of the former are the descendants of the others, for many of the eighteenth-century best-known names are those of our friends to-day Entertainment in the Square, laid out in 1695, completed in 1726, and ever since the centre of Mayfair's merry-go-round, has survived into an age when the proud Courts of Versailles, the Tuileries, St. Petersburgh, Vienna, Berlin and Madrid are no more, their former scenes become chilly museums. Except in the off-seasons, and during the war, they have danced and dined through ten generations of hostesses who have aspired, perspired, expired—in Grosvenor Square. . . .

SOME hidden vitality has helped it to supersede and survive its earlier rivals and elders, Soho, Bloomsbury, Russell, Bedford, Cavendish and Hanover Squares, but only the tight control of the Duke of Westminster's estate office prevents London from losing its most characteristic Square to-day. Invited by Sir Richard Grosvenor, the intending tenants were present at a splendid entertainment, at which he solemnly named the streets. "We will call that street there," he must have said, pointing on the map, "Mount Street"—because the rebel citizens threw up a redoubt, long known as Oliver's Mount, in 1641, on the approach of Charles after Edgehill, the actual fortification being in the middle of the present garden. The Duke of Norfolk bought one of the first houses for £7000, with a ground rent of £42, on an 84 years' lease. The "great" Lord Chesterfield moved over from St. James's Square, and it was here that Dr. Johnson waited in vain, and not at Chesterfield House, and in this Square also that he beat up a footpad. By 1751, the Jerseys, De La Warrs, Dashwoods, Halifaxes, Lisburnes had moved from Hanover Square, and then, as now, a Duchess of Somerset was a householder. Here were familiar names, but unfamiliar ground rentals, never exceeding £140 per year. Lord North found a house and kept it, though he lost America—a charming man, with the useful gift of going to sleep at critical moments. John Wilkes, greatest of all political journalists, the rather modern and terrible infant of his time, came to No. 35, the corner of South Audley Street, that is disappearing this month in showers of plaster. Here the Mount Street



rioters broke his windows, "engraved with Eastern subjects in the most beautiful taste." At the other corner, a Communist crowd threatened poor Mrs. Loeffler's windows in 1920, under the impression it was the Polish Embassy, then at 34.

BOSWELL, who, of all the figures of the past, would have the greatest social success if he returned to us, visited Dr. Johnson's Mr. Thrale here, and all the celebrities of the times dined in this magic Square.

William Beckford resided at 22, replaced before the last war by a large stone house (now flats) for Mr. Drexel, father of Lady Winchilsea, later famed for the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Edwards' parties. Beckford kept part of his wonderful collection here, and Nelson dined with him frequently after his return from the victory of the Nile, Emma Hamilton and her husband being in the house-party. Next door Lord Derby married the actress, Miss Farren, and it remained Derby House until 1852.

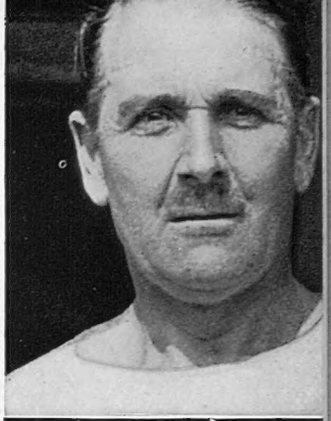
On the east side, Lord Huntly, aged eighty-eight, Father of the House of Lords, and chief of all Gordons, has been at No. 24 since the mind of man can run; while at 27 is Mrs. Robert Fleming, who stalks in the Highlands and is a popular figure at parties, though rumoured to be approaching eighty. Her grandsons include author Peter Fleming. This house is a curiosity of London—it goes back endlessly, as the Aberdeens, who had it for years, added an enormous room (for revival meetings) and took in several houses in their path. Lord Bath's house was a famous salon a century ago, and at No. 28 Major Jack Harrison easily houses those of his eight daughters who aren't married. "Susan Duchess" of Somerset, a benevolent, permanent piece on the Mayfair stage, is at No. 30; Lord Leigh at 31; the Clive Pearsons at No. 32.

ON the south side is the most interesting house in the Square, Lord Illingworth's, No. 44, famous for the Cato Street Conspiracy 115 years ago this month, which very nearly ended in the mass-murder of the entire Cabinet at a dinner-party. This revolution in Grosvenor Square was planned by Art Thistlewood and his gang of twenty-four toughs, who met by lantern-light in a loft in Cato Street, Edgware Road. They must have resembled the comic conspirators in a Verdi opera, whispering loudly in the best tradition, and welcoming two police spies in disguise. The plan was to deliver a dispatch-box in the middle of Lord Harrowby's dinner-party, and the rest of the gang were to rush in and kill all the Cabinet, being particularly careful to bring Lord Londonderry's head out in a bag provided for the purpose. A rocket was then to be fired from the house, a mob collected, the Bank of England raided, Newgate gaol delivered. It was decided by the authorities to let the dinner take place. The carriages in due course rolled up, and the local representative of the gang hastened back to Cato Street to say all was in order. The Londonderry bag and pistols were got ready. A moment later the Bow Street runners were up the only ladder, and all were arrested. Public Enemies Nos. 1 to 5 were hanged near the Edgware Road, and the others were, it was felt, adequately punished by being sent to Australia. . . .

PRESENT-DAY residents on the south side include Lady Dorothy Hope-Morley, who will be entertaining for her débutante daughter this summer, Mr. Stephen Courtauld, across the Square from his brother, and Lady Charles Montagu. The sunny side socially seems, however, in 1935 to be the east side, where the glories of the Italian Embassy have a fit setting in the splendid house in which the Fitzwilliams lived from the eighteenth century until a year or two ago. Next to this is the Duke of Portland's, and beyond is Baroness Burton's, let for many years to Mrs. "Shaky" Marshall, one of our most popular hostesses in the 'twenties, still remembered for her flash-lamp ball for Princess Mary, where every guest was armed with an electric torch when the lights went out. And at the corner is Lady Cunard, since she moved from Lord Caledon's, in Carlton House Terrace. It will be a sad day for Mayfair when there isn't lunch at No. 7, and no line of lovely (car) bodies lying outside.

ON the north side there are to be found the Japanese Embassy, Sir Robert Kindersley, the house where the great Lord Lytton wrote his last works, and the mystery house so rarely visited by Mr. J. P. Morgan; also Lord Beatty's, now for sale. This period of transition is a little sad for the old Square. Several houses on this side, like the previous Italian Embassy, the Guy Wilsons' enormous house, and the corner house have gone: that house where once we saw Lady Margaret Charteris's footmen bring in the oil-lamps at tea time, in quite the atmosphere of "Home, James—and don't spare the horses!"

Now the steel girders of new flats are rising, and Grosvenor Square is born again to a new social life of even more numerous, but much smaller, parties.



Seen on the right, reading from top: Major Jack Harrison, Lord Illingworth, Lady Illingworth, Baroness Burton and Mr. Stephen Courtauld

Below: Grosvenor Square as it is to-day

The First of the Point-to-Points

Above: trouble at the first fence in the Argenti Cup, which Mr. B. M. Carlisle's Badby won by twenty lengths; seventeen ran

Right: Mr. J. D. Profumo, whose Decent Fellow was third in the second race, with Miss Profumo, Mr. Michael Rowley, and Miss Glyn

The Bullingdon Grind at Stratton Audley

Right: Miss Anstice Crawley and the Hon. Doreen Gibbs were two good-looking, Jaeger-coated ex-debs who watched the racing at Stratton Audley

Above: the Hon. Simon Ramsay, Lord Dalhousie's brother, and Mrs. W. L. McElwee

Right: one of the attractive Baker sisters talking to Mr. P. C. Oldfield, who has an out-size in coats

Above: Capt. Richard Agnew, Mrs. Charles Graham and Mrs. Agnew were three more of the non-performing field

Right: Mr. R. A. Budgett having his cap put right by his mother, with Miss Campbell looking on. He is the Master of the Drag, and was third in the President's Cup on his Gorman Lough

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

A DULCET speech about Dickens the other day by M. André Maurois, who must be making a pretty good thing out of introducing the big English literary boys to the English, reminded us of two things—(*a*) a mellow voluntary played at eventide by a dear, silver-haired old village organist; and (*b*) the quaint insincerity of our Dickens idolators, who so frantically suppress certain faintly discreditable incidents in the Master's career. For example, Miss Lawless, the actress. For example, again, that cancelled farewell benefit for poor, aged Miss Kelly, Lamb's beloved, who never got a penny out of it, the unreclaimed portion of the ticket money being pocketed by Dickens to cover his expenses. (See Miss Holman's new *Life of Frances Maria Kelly*.) Lord, this game of pious shut-eye! May we add that nobody loves Dickens more than we do? We read him, too.

Humbug of this kind is national. Our official heroes are gods in dazzling light, and anyone who suggests that they were only human beings is an evil-minded cad. No stains on the toga! This applies equally to Drake and Raleigh and all the Elizabethans: to William of Orange (whose peculiar habits were the talk of Europe); to Wordsworth (whose little affair with Annette Vallon was revealed quite recently by a French scholar, arousing squeals of indignation from the worshippers); and to about a dozen other big boys, remote and recent, whose names we won't mention here, because we might get a sock in the jaw from Bulldog Drummond or one of Gilbert Frankau's sahibs.

We hope you don't miss our point. We admire the great as much as you do, but the consecrated cant which envelops so many of them gives us a pale mauve feeling. Truly did Mr. Desmond MacCarthy remark the other day: "It is no longer worth while to write about Dickens, except to praise him." That applies to about eighty per cent. of the shining figures in our Valhalla, some of whom are eighty per cent. more sympathetic when you know the truth.

Tra-la!

WE heard last week a true story of two respectable spinster ladies, in Town for a week, who booked a double room at an hotel. In the wall was a sort of panel, with a sort of lever attached. The chambermaid said it was one of them folding settees. To lower it you simply pushed the lever back. The spinster ladies, being tired, went to bed early that night. Just before switching off the light, one of them, in playful mood, took a maidenly stab at the lever. It stuck. The other spinster lady, also in playful mood, came to her friend's assistance. Together they pushed, hard, and the wall suddenly gave way, and there they were, in their nighties, base over apex, in the middle of an Old Reptonian dinner.

If you've heard it, or its variants, don't write to us—write to the Mayor of West Hartlepool.

"How many times must I tell you not to point?"

Playboy

COLONEL MOORE'S interesting proposal (withdrawn when it came before the Free State Senate) that a clause should be added to the Criminal Law Amendment Act making it compulsory for girls under the age of eighteen to wear a distinctive armlet, for their own protection, did not escape a flying shot from Oliver St. John Gogarty, Senator, surgeon, poet, playmate of Yeats, "Æ," and the Irish intelligentsia, and wit in his own right. The Senator remarked that most Irish women never look more than eighteen, anyhow, and it was time the public had some protection themselves.

We first met Senator Gogarty some time after his Dublin house had been burned by Sinn Feiners, and a little time after his presentation of two white swans to the River Liffey. He was pulled out of bed one winter night by armed men, to be shot. "It's a good night to die, Senator," they said. Rattling his boots of set purpose on the riverside road, he made so much noise that his captors ordered him to take them off. Seizing his chance,

"Dear Sir, or Madam . . . ."

he suddenly plunged headlong into the swirling Liffey, dodged the spattering bullets, and swam to safety, having vowed a pair of swans to the river, in the Pagan fashion, if he escaped.

The Senator told us about this, and 3879 other entertaining matters, while having his head sculpted in a Paris studio. There are few men alive who can talk so long and so amusingly, composing rattling songs and ballades of love and ribaldry on the backs of maps, bills, and odd bits of envelope in the pauses, as it were, for breath. In a world crammed with pie-faced bores, one is apt to cherish such encounters.

Nocturne

TALKING of compulsory armlets for girls, incidentally, we once submitted a story for the well-known Hawthornden Prize for the Best Piece of Imaginative Literature of the Year. We 'd probably have won it, too, but for the fact that they gave the prize that year to *Who 's Who*, a much bigger work. The story, in bare outline, was this :

A grave personage, visiting a Mayfair night-club to view the inhabitants of modern Babylon at play, was struck by the sight of a very pale, melancholy young man who sat alone at a table, resting his head on one hand and staring gloomily into space. Going up to the pale young man, the grave personage said earnestly : " Come ; I hope you are ashamed to be in such a place as this. Look at that painted hussy dancing on yonder table ! Heavens ! What would your mother think if she saw you contemplating such spectacles of shame ? "

The young man said gloomily : " That *is* my mother, you old fool."

As we wrote this story, it was better than anything by Tchehov or Maupassant at their best. The Hawthornden Prize Committee turned it down. They said it ought to have an otter in it.

Chez Barclay

THE case last week of a lady who had to be removed from Barclay's Bank in Lombard Street by a policeman for causing a scene, is one more indication that people are tending to abuse the hospitality of banks, and Barclay's in particular.

We went into our own bank (Barclay's) the other morning and found a peevish gentleman at the new snack-bar demanding a fish luncheon. He said, " Prunier's have got it, and why can't Barclay's have it ? " The bank manager, a charming and cultured man, said : " This is not a fish-luncheon bar ; it is just a free snack-bar for customers transacting banking business at the other end of the counter." The peevish gentleman said : " Yes, but what I say is, Prunier's have got it, and why can't Barclay's have it ? "

A long argument ensued, the peevish gentleman refusing smoked salmon, Beluga and red caviare, club sandwiches, the famous Barclay Pork Pie, and other delicacies for which Barclay's is famous. Eventually, the manager said with emotion : " Sir, it is a terrible thing, for the honour of Barclay's, to find an unhappy or dissatisfied customer. To-morrow there shall be fish in profusion." The peevish gentleman said : " Well, Prunier's have got it, and why can't Barclay's have it ? "

The little incident impressed us profoundly, as being yet one more instance of the tireless benevolence and public spirit of the British banking system, even in the face of public ingratitude and petulance.

Mirrors, Eh ?

A RECENT newspaper story about the Oxford Boat-Race crew practising in front of mirrors, the more easily to perfect their style thereby, gave us little hope of being able to mix with rowing men any more easily in the future than heretofore. We know a few, including two Old Blues. Their hearts are hopelessly cracked owing to their youthful strainings at the oar, they often have valvular

"That is the only one we have in your size, Sir"

lesions and hypertrophy of the muscle fibres, and this makes their conversation quite agonisingly dull. Encouraging them to gaze at themselves in mirrors will probably produce narcissist tendencies, turning them from extroverts to introverts, and we can't see that producing any interesting talk. On the contrary.

Women who marry rowing men have voices all on one note. Perhaps you 've noticed it ? We 've found our own voices going like that in the company of rowing men ; lips hardly moving, tone flat, general outlook grey. It 's all part of the struggle for existence.

Hello, Home Girls!

HAVING pondered Lilian Harvey's recent assurances, in Press interviews and over the air, that she loves nothing on earth more than to be at home again with Mother, we perceived with astonishment a day or two later, from a big advertisement on the photograph page of the *Times*, that another star is terribly fond of bread. (" *I love Bread," says Miss Gertrude Lawrence, World-Famous Stage and Film Star. " Slimness is an asset in my profession, but vitality is essential. That is why, from my early childhood, I have been an inveterate bread-eater. I love bread. It has never put an ounce of weight on me, but it has certainly helped me to keep up my ' pep.' "*)

Having seen, oh ! so many actresses shuddering at the mere sight of bread, this revelation interested us profoundly. We 're not fanatical about bread ourselves. Our attitude towards it is that of the Woosterish peer in one of P. G. Wodehouse's stories to whom a hoarse gentleman selling collapsible rubber fowls in Shaftesbury Avenue remarked that his children hadn't tasted bread for forty-eight hours. Gathering that they seemed actually to have a passion for bread, the peer remarked in pensive amazement : " Rum little beggars." It seems now that at least one popular actress is an inveterate bread-eater too. This makes everything more homely, at any rate. Bread is the one thing we 've never dared to offer an actress, though we 've often offered it to ducks. When we think of the complex and expensive meals we 've lavished on actresses who were probably longing for a loaf of bread the whole time, we feel pretty ashamed and remorseful.

Afterthought

ON the other hand, if bread really does keep up their " pep," we feel rather better about it. It 's just that " pep " about most of them which terrifies us. We shall probably go on feeding 'em with rich sedatives, as before.

" But, Sir Jules—it 's my birthday *! "*

Science from an Armchair

WE heard this week of an aged Empire-builder (retired) who, every morning, as he makes his slow, dignified way from West End bar to bar, is followed by the following animals—a mauve elephant (ordinary enough, and needing no comment), three orange-tinted camels with five (count them—five) humps apiece, and a snake with legs.

As he invariably carries a hunting-crop, he gets little trouble from his pets until he gets to the corner of Pall Mall and St. James's Square. Here, for some reason, they refuse, more often than not, to keep in line. He does not condescend to argue or bully them. He merely observes, in an icy tenor which once put the fear of Allah into the aboriginals of the M'Bongo hinterland :

" Any more trouble from you, by Gad, and I 'll take a couple of aspirin and get rid of the whole ruddy lot of you ! "

THE BYSTANDERS.

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 19.—James Agate

IN Agate's writing you 'll observe
A large amount of pep and verve.
For it has got, it 's plain to see,
Mancunian virility
That comes hot-footed to his aid
When he would call a spade a spade,
Unless, in his Bern-hardty style,
He calls it " bêche " once in a while.

He writes of leading West End shows
In what is known as " trenchant prose."
And though he 's able to digress
On plays of Ibsententiousness
And fill the *Sunday Times* with praise
Of Sacha Guitry's polished plays,
He frankly owns that he can fall
For slap-stick at a music-hall.

In fact, bi-lingual James is a
Most cheery bloke in every way
And has but scanty use for those
Who cultivate a highbrow pose ;
So every ardent Agate " fan "
Agrees that here you have a man
Whose criticisms are—Ma foi !
Un petit morceau de tout droit.

B. W.

Five Jubilee Débutantes

Bassano

Penelope Salmond

Lenare

Lafayette

Above: *Rosemary Grosvenor*

Left: *Angela Miller-Mundy*

Lenare

Jane Peploe

Tunbridge

Countess Brydgytte Bentinck

Penelope Salmond is the daughter of the late Air Chief-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Salmond, who died in 1933, and Lady Salmond, who lives at Hampton Court Palace. She and her cousin, Joy Salmond, Sir John Salmond's daughter, are both Jubilee débutantes

Rosemary Grosvenor is the younger daughter of the late Lord Edward Grosvenor and Lady Dorothy Charteris. Her mother married the Hon. Sir Evan Charteris five years ago. Rosemary Grosvenor was born in 1918; her sister, Beatrice, is three years older

Angela Miller-Mundy is the débutante daughter of Major and Mrs. Godfrey Miller-Mundy, of Redrice, near Andover. Her mother is presenting her at Court, and is giving a dance for her at the Ritz on June 24th

Jane Peploe, who was born in 1916, is the daughter of Captain Daniel and Lady Dorothy Peploe. Her mother, who is a sister of Lord Darnley, is giving a joint dance with Mrs. Henry Rivière in April for her daughter and Louise Rivière

Countess Brydgytte Bentinck is the only daughter of the late Capt. Count Robert Bentinck and Lady Norah Bentinck. Her father, who died in 1932, was a Count of the Holy Roman Empire; her mother is an aunt of the Earl of Gainsborough

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 90 Bernard Darwin

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

BERNARD DARWIN did not need to be elected Captain of St. Andrews last year to ensure himself a permanent niche in the temples and changing-rooms of the Royal and Ancient game. He has done almost as much for golf as Tom Webster has achieved for billiards. He is six foot, moustached, hook-nosed, tanned, black-haired, and is almost the only writer who has risen superior to the conspiracy of anonymity which rules in Printing House Square. Though he never signs his stuff in the *Times*, his name is known throughout the world of golf. No wonder. In a quarter of a century he has written three and a half million words about golf, if you include his books and prefaces. As a player, he is a notorious croucher, with a florid swing and the reputation of having to give up in an amateur championship (at Hoylake) because he had hit each of his last three balls out of bounds at the nineteenth.

As a writer on golf, he is a devotee of Dickens, Stevenson, Thackeray, and Steele—in that order. *The Pickwick Papers* and *The Wrong Box*, particularly, have furnished many an elegant simile and engaging parallel. As a critic of golf-courses—well, think of what he says about Aberdovey year after year. I speak with feeling, as a Man of Harlech. As a point of interest, he considers St. Andrews, Hoylake, Sandwich, and Portmarnock to be the four best golf-links in the British Isles.

All told, he belongs to nearly forty golf-clubs, and always manages to find the graceful thing to say about each of them. His favourite book on the great game is *The Art of Golf*, long since out of print, by the late Sir Walter Simpson—son of the man who invented chloroform. Bernard Darwin himself uses a chloroform of charm, to cloud any awkward incidents which he is describing, such as the last Amateur Championship. Golf, whether competitive or not, grows uglier every year. Bernard Darwin refuses to admit this new tendency, with the result that the seeker after truth is often driven to read Henry Longhurst, on whom, in the end, the mantle will patently descend.

Now in his sixtieth year, Bernard Darwin has played golf everywhere for half a century—including on a course laid out by himself at Salonika during the war. He belongs to the Garrick, and comes to London on Mondays and Fridays, living for the rest of the time at Gorringes, Downe, near Farnborough. His only son is the drawing-master at Eton. His two daughters are no good at golf either. It must not be supposed, though, that his sole interest in life is golf. Very soon, his biography of John Gully, the ex-prizefighter M.P., will be coming out—proving anew the felicity of his style and his fondness for the urbanities of the Late Georgian and Early Victorian eras.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

The Queen Was In Her Parlour

"Viceroy Sarah" (Whitehall)

It was a "Follies" poet who put into the mouth of a Sovereign the lines:

I'm Queen Anne, of whom you've read,
I'm chiefly known for being dead;

and should you wish to possess a greater knowledge of the deceased than the average man in the street, I strongly recommend a visit to the Whitehall Theatre, where *Viceroy Sarah*, by Norman Ginsbury, is being played.

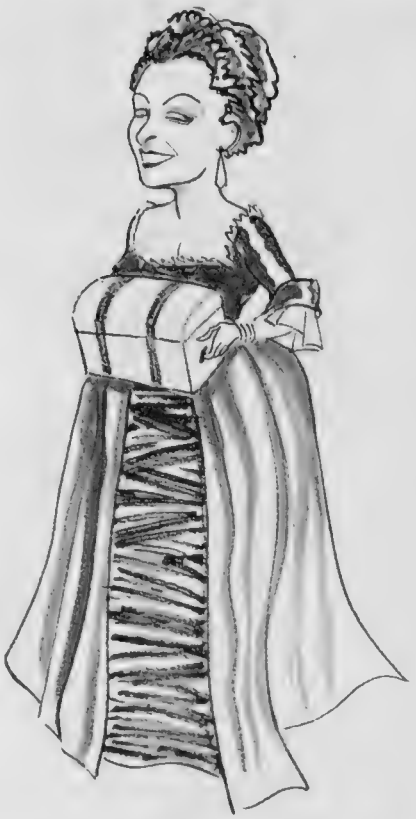
For though Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, is the lead, both theatrically and historically, it is Queen Anne, in this play, who makes the most memorable figure. The performance by Barbara Everest of this diseased, vacillating, dram-drinking, unhappy woman is so good as to be quite unforgettable, and when one considers how difficult it is to make a weak-kneed character dramatic, still further praise must be accorded to this actress for a brilliant performance.

The Duke of Marlborough (Robert Rendel) and his Duchess (Irene Vanbrugh), virtual rulers of the Kingdom until the advent of Mrs Masham, née Abigail Hill

As Sarah, Irene Vanbrugh was heavily hampered by her personality. She acted the part with cleverness and finesse, yet one felt that it could never be unpleasant even to be bullied by so charming a woman, and therefore the Queen's throwing over of her old friend, especially for so unpleasant a person as Mrs. Masham, made Anne's conduct quite inexplicable. Olga Lindo, who played Mrs. Masham, saw to it that the former Abigail Hill *was* an unpleasant person, and her ultimate victory over Sarah, the woman who had first befriended her, though doubtless historically correct, hardly makes for a satisfactory ending.

It is on these three women that the weight of this clever and interesting play falls, for the men appear quite subsidiary. Even the Duke of Marlborough, who appears in the intervals of winning famous victories abroad, seems of little account, which only goes to show that genius in any walk of life is devastatingly difficult to depict in drama, and no blame attaches to Robert Rendel in failing to make much of him. Nell Carter, Harcourt Williams, Ian Fleming and Charles Hickman gave neat character-sketches, and seemed at home in their fine feathers. And all the feathers *are* fine, believe me.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.



Abigail Hill (Olga Lindo), a scheming Miss

Sketches of "Viceroy Sarah" by Rouson

A pathetic figure: Queen Anne (Barbara Everest), unintelligent, drink-sodden, racked with disease, entirely under the domination of the Minister of the moment

Mrs. Marshall Field and Mrs. Maugham

Were lunching together at the Ritz, Mrs. Field wearing all brown, and Mrs. Syrie Maugham in black, with a silver fur collar

The Grand Duke Dmitri

The Grand Duke Dmitri's rather sad face can usually be seen within a stone's-throw or two of Piccadilly at lunch or dinner time when he is in London. When this sketch was made he was dining at Quaglino's

Mrs. Edythe Baker d'Erlanger goes lunching at the Ritz every now and then. She wears her fair hair cut in a fringe at present, and had a little velvet cap and a jacket with leg-of-muttonish sleeves

Mrs. Gerard d' Erlanger

Round the Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

Princess Alexis Mdivani, wearing her black sequin dress, is with Sir Paul Latham. She was in a party with him and his wife at the Café de Paris

Princess Mdivani and Sir Paul Latham

Listen ...

HOW can you be so stupid about him, when you know that he only runs after you when a dark little flower is not in bloom?

•

WE are well aware that unless a certain amount of "looking to the left" went on, we should have great difficulty in finding sufficient subject matter to fill this page, so we should be the last to adopt a priggish attitude at the occasional slips of our friends and acquaintances.

•

AT the same time, we do feel that the chap who makes strong running and spends a lot of money on another woman while his wife is having a lousy time trying to produce a son and heir, is breaking all the unwritten laws of decent behaviour, and it would require a strong disinfectant to remove the taste from our mouth provoked by this affair.

•

THE girl friend in the case has never observed any rules at any game, so it was just what we expected of her. Chaps have often grumbled that she doesn't even realise the meaning of an obligation; but she has a very shrewd idea of what is meant by Take All.

•

SOME women are bad pickers, and one we have in mind, in particular. We never thought much of her husband, but we are inclined to think him less of a cad than the boy friend.

•

WE don't blame you ceasing to care for your wife under the circumstances; but we do think you might do something to restrain her unbelievably bad behaviour these days. Have you tried putting her over your knee and using a slipper? It couldn't do harm, and it might do good.

•

WE hope that a very famous Hunt will benefit from their recent experience, and realise that you can't do a Hunt Ball on the cheap. The atmosphere of a Palais de Danse is absolutely grand for your below-stairs staff on their evenings out; but it doesn't seem to go with John Peel and the Meynell.

FOLLOWING the principle that if at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again, we should very much like to hear the tinkle of the Register Office bell (we imagine these establishments are fitted with at least one bell), or the one on the Savoy Chapel, if you like it better, to signalise the return to wedded bliss of some of those whose knots have been untied.

•

WE trust that we do not sound too go-ahead, but we girls have always maintained that we do *like a man with experience, as a man with experience does at least know what to avoid.*

POPULAR WOMEN

No. 12.

Lady Bridget Poulett

Yevonde

CO-DEB with the Whigham and the Bingham, and what a furore those girls caused! No debs in memory of living man ever caused such a to-do; men went mad about them, and if they didn't get a proposal a day, they thought their line must be out of order. Rather pensive is our Poulett, but nobody has yet discovered the cause of her occasional reveries. While her two rivals have long since entered wedlock, Bridget is still a spinster, but this is entirely of her own choosing. In our opinion, she is, and always has been, the loveliest of the three. Her views on life are always interesting, and she thinks the man who invented looking-glasses and jazz bands just too marvellous. A charming, friendly person is the Poulett, and, unlike some girls, she is devoted to her mother and her brother.

WHAT are all you girls thinking about to allow Hubert Duggan, Johnny Drury-Lowe, Sam Hindlip, and Bobby Casa-Maury to run around single?

•

ALTHOUGH we girls may often appear to you care-free, irresponsible little minxes, with no thought except for our next cocktail-party, at heart we are nothing of the sort, and if we could only get away from this mad rush of gaiety we would settle down and do something worth while.

•

WHILE we must confess that we are not very thorough ourselves, we do admire thoroughness in others, and the most thorough woman we know is Lady Muriel Derek Jones. Lady Muriel is a Scot, and so Scotch is she that her motto is "Once a Gordon aye a Gordon"; and that's not all, by a long chalk, as she dresses the parlour-maid in the Gordon tartan.

•

LADY MURIEL adores country life, so what more natural than she should build a dream cottage; while, when it came to marriage, Lady Muriel was just as thorough. No shilly-shallying little whipper-snapper for her, but a substantial dream husband, in the shape of a very tall, red-headed sailor with blue eyes.

•

NEXT to Lady Muriel, the most thorough person we know is Lord Lonsdale, whose favourite colour, as you all know, is yellow. All his motor-cars are yellow, he always wears a yellow tie, sometimes a yellow waistcoat, and when he goes to Ascot he rides in a yellow carriage, with postillions and outriders all dressed in his favourite colour. Lord Lonsdale and Lady Muriel Derek Jones should certainly get together.

•

OTHER very thorough people who come to our mind are Madame de Peña, whose parties are always on the grand scale; Mrs. McCorquodale, whose books are always about the kind of men we've always wanted, but never got; Mrs. Sweeny, Sir Charles Higham, and Cecil Beaton.

The Greeks are Responsible...

Three "Olympians" as They Will Appear at Miss Olga Lynn's Party on March 5th

Photographs by Sasha

Lady Gloria Vaughan as an Attendant of Juno

Lady Gloria Vaughan is appearing as one of the brunette beauties in Juno's entourage, Juno being, in private life, Lady Jersey. The star-spangled stuff is good, and so is Lady Gloria Vaughan's beautifully simple dress, which wouldn't look out of place on an ex-deb in a ball-room

Right: *Lady Warrender as Ceres, Goddess of Plenty*

Lady Warrender, chairman of the Olympian Committee, has one of the star dresses of the whole mythology. Her waving corn head-dress and the overflowing cornucopia take some carrying off, but she does it extremely well

Lady Alexandra Haig as Circe

Lady Alexandra Haig is cast as the fascinating if sinister lady who turned Ulysses' friends into swine

THE Olympian Party at Claridge's on March 5th, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind, is certainly going to be spectacular. The list of women appearing in the pageant includes the names of almost every one who has been called "beautiful" in these and similar pages since the war. Oliver Messel, Derek Hill, and Eleanor Abbey have designed the dresses. Dr. Malcolm Sargent is conducting the accompanying music for the gods and goddesses. In fact, Miss Olga Lynn, the organiser, is doing things in a big way

A St. Valentine's Day Charity Party

Lady Susan Birch, the vice-chairman, who organised programme-selling, is with Larry Adler, the American mouth-organist. The party was at Londonderry House

Lady Hardwicke and the Hon. Eileen Brougham went to the concert and cocktail-party which was in aid of the National Children's Adoption Association

Principals and Guests at the

Lord Plunket, Lady Castlereagh, the bride's sister-in-law, and Lady Plunket leaving Londonderry House after the lunch-party which followed the Caxton Hall wedding

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

THE Silver Jubilee preliminary programme is out. A large number of people will therefore be able to make their arrangements for the summer; a large number think they are able, but may find themselves not officially affected by the many dinners, balls and receptions—as they may have fondly hoped to be.

LATELY returned from Rome, where Lord Beauchamp has taken Lord Berners' house, is the former's daughter, Lady Mary Lygon, who, in spite of her great popularity, has never lost the faculty of making politely pleasant remarks to all whom she meets. Some of her contemporaries affect a somewhat acid tone to their male escorts, which is supposed to indicate their intense cleverness.

LADY MARY LYGON, by giving a party at the Villa Rodet to celebrate her return, and also her birthday, has done me also an immense service. For I am able to announce that in the party, which included Lord and Lady Brownlow, Lady Helen Stewart and Mr. Edward Jessel, Lady Juliet Duff and Lady Alington, were also Mr. "Chips" and Lady Honor Channon.

MRS. CORRIGAN is in the news again by presenting a wedding gift to Lady Helen Stewart, whose sister, Lady Margaret Muntz, recently made such a romantic marriage.

MEETING Mr. Evelyn Waugh outside Buck's Club, I was able to listen to an interesting dissertation upon the Italian-Abyssinian situation, particularly with regard to the treatment of prisoners by these Christian Ethiopians. He also urged me to go to the exhibition of needlework—in the old-fashioned sense of the word—arranged by Lady Horner at the Duchess of Sutherland's house in Green Street. My knowledge of petit-point at once induced me to praise the screen and carpet worked by Mrs. Raymond Asquith and Lady Horner, and to hope that Miss Horner, of lorgnette fame, had knitted her quota—but it was not so. The Duchess contributed two chairs showing the badge and coat-of-arms of the Sutherland family.

ON St. Valentine's Day I had hoped to receive a box of "Conversation Lollies," with suitable inscriptions, from Lady Castlerosse, Lady Carnarvon, Mr. Sidney Beer and Lady Dashwood, drawing my attention to this romantic date. So I must take it that their tokens of affection are shy and silent.

On this very day the Olympians gathered at Lady Anglesey's house to discuss further plans for the great ball at Claridge's on March 5th, about which I have already given many details. Miss Olga Lynn has given me the part of the lamp-swinger who stands outside the door and hails the cars—not taxis, the gathering will be far too distinguished for such conveyances.

THE Prince of Wales took special pains to see that there was no formality about the Tyrolean Ball held in his honour at the Grand Hotel in Kitzbühl. Captain Bruce Ogilvie and his wife were in his party, also Mr. Jimmy Dudgale, and the presence of the peasants in their Tyrolean costumes made a very bright atmosphere. A number of English people tried to emulate them, with varying degrees of success. Princess Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge and Mrs Esmond Harmsworth both succeeded admirably, Less well suited by local dress was Miss Marjorie Glasgow, who, in the length of her engagement to Lord Cochrane, is challenging Mr. Jack Dunfee and Miss Benita Hume for the long-distance championship of Mayfair. Kitzbühl is swarming with detectives; Mrs. De Winton Wills has one in the next room to her, and there is a quietness over the whole town by ten o'clock each night, except at the Golden Hind, if the Prince and his party are there. The weather has been only fair—bright sun in the mornings, but snow on most afternoons.

FROM St. Moritz I hear that the daring boys of the Corviglia Ski Club are becoming as playful as those Meltonian kittens. At the Club ball they were all obliged to wear some sort of facial fancy dress, and Lord Scarsdale seems always to don the winning moustache. The regulars are still there—Mr. Hubert Martineau, Captain D'Arcy

Jessel - Stewart Wedding

The Hon. Edward Jessel, Lord and Lady Jessel's only son, and Lady Helen Stewart, the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry's third daughter, were married last Thursday morning at Caxton Hall Register Office. They have gone to Switzerland for their honeymoon

Swaebe

Mr. Eskdale Fishburn and Miss Bunting Stephenson

Mr. Fishburn and Miss Stephenson, who have been seen out together at least once or twice during the last year or so, were photographed at Quaglino's last week

Rutherford, Mr. Billie Reardon, Sir Harry and Lady Lyons—and Mr. Michael Farmer has dispelled his charms among the beauties with as devastating effect as usual (Hollywood papers, please copy, for the attention of Miss Gloria Swanson). Mr. "Billy" Clyde has proved himself the champion ski-er, Miss Sonja Henie was awarded the skating championship, amid a few quibbles, it must be owned, and Captain "Jimmy" Coats has once again proved invincible on the Cresta, a truly magnificent performance, as he is not a young man. Beyond the fact that a smart dress show was held, I think there is not much more to report—at least, that I am able to report.

SOON the snow season will be over, and those whose main difficulty in life is the decision as to the next place to visit will be on the way to the South of France. The sun is shining nicely there, I hear, and from the Italian side, too comes news of doughty tennis matches. Bordighera, with Colonel Long as the President and Mr. Moffatt Smith (the former Master of the Southdown) as his chief aide-de-camp, now runs a team which challenges the locals, Alassio, San Remo, Menton, and Monte Carlo. They got well beaten by the last-named, with Mrs. Satterthwaite to the fore, but defeated Alassio. Sir Ernest and Lady Wills do a great deal for the tennis at Menton, where they have the lovely villa L'Oiseau Bleu.

Miss Penelope-Jane Maffey is staying with her mother, Lady Maffey, at La Mortola, the Hanbury villa at Ventimiglia. Miss Maffey has just completed her German studies in Vienna.

A Brittain Might Well Be a Slave to These

Sir Harry Brittain, the chairman of the Boat Race Eve Ball, and his committee met last week at Grosvenor House to make plans. The committee includes Miss Georgie Henschel, Miss Blair, Mrs. Charles Paravicini, Mrs. Charles Porritt, Miss L. Vivian Smith, Miss Winter Irving, Mrs. Shephard, Miss Gelda Green, and Miss Payne

"ELIJAH" has come to stay until the end of this week at the Albert Hall. A very fine performance is given, under Albert Coates and Mr. T. C. Fairbairn. The Oriental corps de ballet will mix with you in the foyers in the intervals, and all the chorus go home in their make-up. As they give their services free, and are probably working all day long, there is no reason why they should not get their share of praise off as well as on the stage. "O Baal, hear us!" do the heathens chant, while the Israelite chorus discards pince-nez and wrist-watches in the dressing-room, preparatory to making its entry. The chorus leader was in a panic the other day, rushing up and down the corridors, shouting "Two minutes to go—and not a blooming Israelite in sight!"

THE table tennis championship was in progress all last week, with Hungary and Czechoslovakia well to the fore, as usual. The Central European nations seem to have a special aptitude for ping-pong—except the Swiss are not too good.

MR. PEEPS

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Impression of Lady Dufferin and Ava

Lady Dufferin and Ava, surrounded by a bright-green feather boa, and with a large emerald clip in her hair, was dining in a party with Mr. Kenelm Lee-Guinness at Quaglino's

Woman to Woman

At a meet of the Cottesmore the other day, we saw all the local lights of Leicestershire, and a lot of visitors, too, some mounted, and some "footing it." Lady Irene Clarke looks well in a top-hat, and so does Mrs. Charles Mills; but then, she looks well anywhere. Mrs. Robin Grant-Lawson was among the mounted brigade: she looks her best in the evening. Sir Ian Walker had brought down a couple of horses from the Meynell country, in an absolutely super horse-box, that looked as if it ought to have contained a bath, with h. and c. laid on. He is one of the better-looking of our bachelors. Mrs. Leo Partridge was on her feet, for a change, and so was Mrs. Mountjoy Fane. Let 's hope that meant that all the hirelings were booked.

Countess Paul Munster and her husband, and her brother-in-law, Mr. Michael Hornby, were all to be seen, dressed up for the battle, as were Sir Harry and Lady Floyd. Lady Catherine Willoughby and her fiancé, Mr. John Ramsden, didn't escape our notice, either, any more than a party of Harrisons did.

Talking of them reminds us that the eldest, Mrs. Arthur Pilkington, has had yet another bad fall and is laid low again. She really couldn't be more unlucky, but let 's hope that, as it 's the third, it 's the last. Mrs. Johnny Player was conspicuous by her absence the other day at the meet, but on enquiring we found that she, too, is laid low with concussion. What a dangerous sport fox-hunting seems to be!

• Getting Married . . .

This New Feature—the "Bystander's" Pictorial Review of current weddings and engagements—will be found on pages B and C, before you come to the Frontispiece. Next-door is

WHAT'S ON

our weekly Going-Out Guide to London's Round of Amusements.

Lady Cromer

The good-looking wife of the Lord Chamberlain was also watching the skating at Millbank on the Ice Club's big night

News from Switzerland is that Lord Dudley seems so pleased with St. Moritz that he hasn't yet moved on to Kitzbühl, as we heard he would, to join the Prince of Wales. Lord Sefton is at St. Moritz, and so is Mrs. FitzGerald. A new arrival is Lady Cambridge, who is easy to look at in her ski-ing get-up. Lord Warwick was expected back, but has disappointed everybody by deciding to go to America instead. In pursuit of Lady Warwick, perhaps, who is in Florida.

One thing that afforded us great surprise the other day was to see Lady Churston stepping nimbly off a bus. No reason why she shouldn't be nimble, and we suppose there 's really no reason why she shouldn't be getting off a bus, either, but it struck us as an unusual sight.

Another thing was the sight of Mr. Eskdale Fishburn lunching at Quaglino's without his "piece of Bunting" (joke over!). The Banffshire Bart. of Ballindalloch, Sir George Macpherson-Grant, was also lunching there that day with another man. Not so Mr. Jim Lawrence; his companion was fair and female.

Lady Forres

Wearing her silver fox cape, is watching the ice ballet, "The Veiling of the Sun," at the Ice Club gala last week

Miss Diana Brassey seems so keen on her racing these days, that she even walks down Piccadilly reading her midday rag. So intent was she that she failed to see one or two people whom she will be sad to have missed.

The San Marco always seems to be popular in the evening, and is usually filled with quite a presentable-looking crowd. The other night we saw the Jersey (without the Alderneys!) in a party with Lord and Lady Plunket. At another table sat Lady Veronica Hornby, in that lovely raisin-coloured frock of hers, with her husband. Mr. Jim Lawrence and Mrs. Myrtle d'Erlanger were together. Major "Buns" Cartwright was also tête-à-tête. That regular San Marcovite, Miss Patricia Corry, was there with Mr. Peter Clarke, who, whatever other accomplishment he may have, certainly knows how to dance. Mr. George Munro-Kerr had a "lovely" with him that we have seen him with before, we think. Mr. Jack Thursby had Mrs. Torr with him. In fact, the place was full of couples tête-à-tête.

The most exciting of many engagements just lately is that of Miss Marjorie Scott (one of the twins of the North that we used to hear so much about) to Captain Thomas Hackett-Pain. We 've heard it rumoured to us for some time, so can hardly say we were surprised to see the announcement. Twin Jean, who has not yet figured in the engaged list, seems to prefer North Country life to London nowadays. Their elder sister is Lady Delamere, tall, dark, and dreamy-looking.

MRS. PEEPS

BY APPOINTMENT
DUNLOP FORT "90"
MADE IN ENGLAND
The New Dunlop "90"
C.F.H.

WILLS'S
STAR
CIGARETTES
CORK TIPPED
30
In the
Cambridge Blue box
30 for 1/-
Also in packets 10 for 4d

A Coward's Blow

Noel's Play Which Shocked America

A DRAMATIST in the late Sir Arthur Pinero's *Wife Without a Smile*, visualised a play in which he hurled "raw, bleeding chunks of humanity" across the footlights "for the delectation of the audience," and this is what, if reports are correct, our Mr. Noel Coward has been doing to American audiences in *Point Valaine*, some pictures of which appear on this page. Whether the play will be seen in England, or whether, as in the case of this dramatist's *Design for Living*, the Censor will be obdurate, remains to be seen

A scene from "Point Valaine," the action of which is set in the tropics. Above are Alfred Lunt, who plays a Russian waiter, and Lynn Fontanne, the hotel-keeper, who becomes his mistress

Above: Louis Hayward, who plays the part of a British aviator, in conversation with the hotel-keeper, Lynn Fontanne

The action gets down to brass tacks. He (Louis Hayward); She (Lynn Fontanne), and the other fellow (Alfred Lunt), who is really a very nasty piece of work, brings down the curtain on quarrels and suicide

Photographs by Vandamm, New York

"Nature and Art . . .
Met Ere One Is A

Wendy Hiller in "Love On the D

"LOVE ON THE DOLE," at the Garrick Theatre, has introduced artists who were previously unknown to London playgoers, but whose quality was at once recognised by the discerning. Included among them is Wendy Hiller, who takes the part of Sally Hardcastle in this fine and arresting play.

Sally is the heroine of *Love On the Dole*, if so old-fashioned a description can be given to so modern a part, and the studies on these pages by John Everard of this young actress will give some idea of the light and shade in a character none too easy to portray.

The merits of an artist cannot be judged by one performance, but credence is given to the idea that Wendy Hiller is an actress out of the common, rather than being a beneficiary of brilliant casting, when one learns that, though playing a Lancashire lass to the manner born, her birthplace was in London. To be exact, Chelsea

Have
ware ”
—Goethe
le ”

"TO WAKEN WITH THE ROSY-TINTED DAWN"

A Camera Study by John Everard

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bottled by Worthington

THE "BELICON"

(Transportu ministerialis)

First discovered by Helish, the famous watcher. On its appearance in this country provided excellent sport but is now rigorously protected owing to the cost of rearing. Found in pairs in most unlikely places. Breeds at a great rate.

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Song : A loud crackling note when attacked.

Uses : The head, when removed and filled with Worthington, provides a remarkable cure for "pedestrians' nerves."

Harvey Leader

A Racing Reverie

Basil Briscoe

Above: *Major Cuthbert Blundell*

Above, left: *Eric Stedall*

Turf Celebrities

No. 2

By "Regular"

CONTINUING my series of Popular Men of the Turf, or, Uncle Regular's Victims, whichever you like to call them, I stop at the name of H. Leader, invariably known as "Jack," because his Christian name happens to be Harvey.

OF all the men I know, the one with the most delightful nature and the most even of tempers is Jack Leader, and I have been with him in some pretty trying circumstances. I have seen him buried in the snow, with only the points of his skis to denote his whereabouts; but when he was disinterred his face still wore the expansive smile we know so well. I have been with him when the certainty of the year got beat, and he had supported it accordingly; I have been round stables with him when he discovered his best two-year-old had developed sore shins; and I was on Newmarket Heath one ghastly morning, when his most valuable animal threw her boy and galloped away and was grievously injured. On the other side of the picture, I was at Liverpool when Jack Horner, trained by him, won the National, and at Lincoln when Elton won the Lincoln Handicap; while I witnessed every one of the triumphs of the flying Diomedes, one of the greatest sprinters of all time. In victory and in defeat alike, Jack Leader always gives me the impression that everything has just happened for the best, in the best of all possible worlds, which is the equivalent to saying that he is a great winner, and an even greater loser. A splendid trainer, Jack Leader is also a splendid coper, many animals for which he has paid a mere song having turned out smashers, while when he sells you one, genuine tears of emotion come into his eyes at the idea of this animal he loves so much leaving his stable. Jack is also a great host, and I know of no more popular ceremony than a bottle with Jack before racing at Newmarket. Recently he married Miss Dunn Gardner, a very charming lady, who is desperately keen on hunting and racing. They are a great couple.

WHEN one talks of Jack Leader, one instinctively thinks of Basil Briscoe and Eric Stedall, both of whom owe everything they know to the tuition of Jack Leader, and it is of Basil that I now intend to write.

No teacher ever had a more apt pupil than Basil, and not only did he assimilate all there was to know regarding the training of racehorses, but he also managed to inherit his tutor's equable temperament, though he cannot bring himself to watch, when Golden Miller is engaged in a race. It is, of course, as the trainer of Miss Paget's super-horse that Basil will go down to history; but his many successes with Insurance, and other good jumpers, must not be forgotten. Although he has won numerous races on the flat, the bigger prizes have so far eluded him, but the coming years are certain to see this rectified.

Basil is a very bold speculator (it is said he won £10,000 when Golden Miller won the National), and whenever he fancies one he is always prepared "to put it down." A delightfully cheery companion, Basil is deservedly popular; but, quite rightly, he doesn't care if the Guv'nor wants it back or not, and is always prepared to bid for anyone's plater, which has sometimes caused black looks to be levelled at him. In his Cambridge days Basil was an incredibly brave, but not an incredibly good, G.R.; but nowadays he allows other people to risk their necks. He is still a bachelor, and has a delightful place at Exning, near Newmarket, so why don't you go down and see him sometime?

ERIC STEDALL'S rise to fame has not been as meteoric as Basil Briscoe's, but then he hasn't had a Golden Miller to train. Nevertheless, he has done splendidly at his place at Lewes with the horses under his charge, and has each year shown a complete impartiality as to whether it is flat-racing or jumping, winning far more than his fair share of races at both games. The best horse which has come under his care is Major Cuthbert Blundell's The Divot, who, among other big races, won the Cork and Orrery Stakes at Ascot; but perhaps the most remarkable horse is that wonderful old hunter, Backsight. These days, Eric concentrates more on flat-racing than on jumping, but he trains a most promising young 'chaser in Belted Hero for Lord Penrhyn, for whom he also trains on the flat, and for whom he won the Scottish Derby with Galadale.

Eric Stedall is a delightful companion, a great leg-puller, and is deservedly popular with all and sundry; he is still a bachelor.

MAJOR CUTHBERT BLUNDELL, joint-owner of The Divot, is one of our most regular regulars, but he is even better known as the owner of long dogs than as the owner of racehorses. Major Blundell rarely misses a meeting, and is a splendid judge of racing, and, although I believe he is a modest speculator, he is not afraid to back his opinion. Cuthbert Blundell is one of the most popular men to be seen regularly on our race-courses; but I would like to bet that few people, other than his most intimate friends, know that he joined the Grenadier Guards at the end of the last century, and that he fought in the South African War. Racing may be a worrying sort of game, but it apparently has the advantage of keeping you young.

· ROUNDABOUT

Left: Mr. Mark Shafto, the Royal Scots, son of the late Captain Arthur D. Shafto, and Mrs. Shafto, of Castle House, near Newbury, and Miss Brenda Margaret Fraser, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Alick Fraser, were married last week at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Mr. Mark Shafto and Miss Brenda Fraser

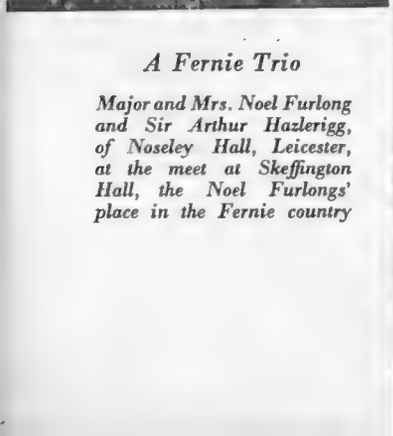
—And Silk For Others

Here are three of the sixteen new K.C.s who were sworn in before the Lord Chancellor last week. They are Mr. St. John Hutchinson, Recorder of Hastings since 1930, Mr. Kenneth M. Carpmael, and Mr. Cyril J. Radcliffe

Ermine for Some—

Mr. George Malcolm Hilbery and Sir Walter Greaves-Lord leaving the House of Lords after being sworn in as High Court Judges. Mr. Justice Greaves-Lord was Conservative M.P. for Norwood before his appointment

Below: Lord and Lady Stavordale, Mr. Philip Dunn, and Lord and Lady Weymouth at Altcar for the Waterloo Cup last week. The Peke watched most of the trials with great interest, and took as much pleasure in the disposal of the hares as the human audience did



A Fernie Trio

Major and Mrs. Noel Furlong and Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, of Noseley Hall, Leicester, at the meet at Skeffington Hall, the Noel Furlongs' place in the Fernie country

Austrian Ski News

Lady Londonderry photographed while she was at St. Anton, where she went with her youngest daughter, Lady Mary Stewart. She is with Hannes Schneider, the "Meister" of Tyrolean ski-talk, who founded the famous "stem-turn" school at St. Anton, and made the Arlberg one of the best-known ski-ing districts. His brother, Friedrich, runs a similar school at Zürs

Lady Warwick Celebrates the President's Birthday

Above: Lady Warwick, who has been gone to America for some weeks now, was photographed with Mr. Christopher Dunphy at the President's Birthday Ball, which was held at the Colony Club at Palm Beach

The Earl and Countess of Suffolk

Right: Lord and Lady Suffolk were motoring near Edinburgh when this snapshot was taken. Lord Suffolk is studying chemistry at Edinburgh University. Lady Suffolk was Mimi Crawford, the musical-comedy star, before her marriage last year

Right: Miss Lisa Maugham, Mrs. John Barclay and her husband on their way to watch the ski-jumping at the Klosters Festival. C. P. Legard, an Englishman, was second in the competition

A Sleigh Load at Klosters

The Prince's Ski Teacher

A good action-photograph of Bill Bracken, who has been acting as the Prince of Wales's instructor at Kitzbühl. He is one of the star teachers at Kitzbühl, where he went this season, having been formerly teaching the Arlberg technique in Switzerland

Above are Mr. Richard, Miss Diana and Miss Sybil Cavendish, Lord Richard Cavendish's son and daughters, watching the skating on the Suvretta rink at St. Moritz. On the right, also watching Suvretta skaters, are Mrs. Willes, with Mr. Maurice Willes, and Mr. George and Mr. John Sheffield, Sir Berkeley Sheffield's younger sons. Mrs. Willes is Lady Sheffield's sister

Young Players of Promise

Seen on Stage and Screen

Jane Harwood

June Lang

Sasha

Vivian Leigh

Top, left: Jane Harwood, who plays the part of the country girl, Nellie Lannacott, in the new play, "Barnet's Folly," by Jan Stewer, at the Haymarket Theatre. Her London début was a most successful one

Above is June Lang as she appears in the Fox film "Music in the Air." A big future on the films is predicted for this eighteen-year-old girl, who has good looks with which to back her talent

Left: Vivian Leigh, who will play a leading part in the new B. and D. film, "Gentlemen's Agreement." She appeared recently in a small part in "Things Are Looking Up." Her knowledge of acting was first learnt from Mlle. Antoine and studying at the Comédie Française

(*With acknowledgments to Macmillan & Co., Ltd.*)

Guinness glass Logic

{Adapted by Tweedledum and Tweedledee from the Looking Glass original}

"I know what you're thinking," said Tweedledum suddenly, as Alice stared at them, wondering which was which. "You're thinking that no one could tell us apart. But it isn't so, nohow."

"Contrariwise," said Tweedledee, "there's no need to tell us apart. If you've got anything to say, you can tell us together."

But the words of the old song kept ringing through Alice's head and all she could think of was:

"*Tweedledum and Tweedledee*
Agreed to have a bottle . . . ."

So she said as politely as she could, "I was wondering if *you* could tell *me* the name of that lovely-looking drink you are holding?"

"Of course we could," said Tweedledum. "Anyone could tell a Guinness. Guinness is absolutely distinctive; you can't mistake Guinness for anything else. Nohow!"

"Contrariwise," continued Tweedledee, "you can't mistake anything else for Guinness. Look at its deep, rich colour, its creamy head, and its splendid, refreshing taste—"

"You can't look at a taste, you know," said Alice, "but I suppose you mean that you like Guinness very much?"

"Of course we do," said Tweedledum. "Haven't we just said that there's nothing like it?"

G.E.442.C

Rugby Clubs at Home: London Scottish, at Richmond

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

Derrick Lorraine

Davy Thom

G. B. Horsburgh

Lionel Murray

David Gordon

"Robin" Adair

Malcolm Blair, captain

Col. "Duggie" Grant, hon. sec.

"Alf" Methuen, president

Harry Lind

"Eddie" Henderson

"Dunnie" Dunn

Photographed by courtesy of the L M S

Fellow Passenger—First Class

After you've read your papers down to the advertisements . . . looked at fields and hedges till you're dizzy . . . almost got to the stage of counting telegraph-poles . . . thank goodness for Schweppes. For its refreshing 'bite', its foaming head, its heartening ginger tang!

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Golf Clubs

A Judge on the Links

The Hon. Mr. Justice Langton and his partner, T. P. Whitaker. They played against Oxford University for Woking. They were beaten by Greenly and Scott in the foursomes by two holes

Below: H. C. Neilson, the Cambridge captain, C. M. Bell and T. F. B. Law, of the Cambridge team, with F. Ricardo, of Addington, against which club the 'Varsity lost by 5½ to 12½

The Cambridge Team at Addington

Middlesex Club Championship

H. C. Jolly and Mr. C. D. Grey (Hendon), winners of the Middlesex Club Team Championship at Fulwell. Their winning score for 36 holes was 311. Crew's Hill, C. A. Whitcombe and Mr. G. Peers, were second with 318

THERE is a lady certain people delight to refer to as "One-Club Gloria." Her real name is Miss Gloria D. Minoprio, and she has played in the last two English Ladies' Close Championships, solely with a straight-faced iron and a requisite number of balls. She appears on the first tee attired in the costume that, I understand, is favoured by cat-burglars in Paris, but I cannot vouch for this as I have never, to my knowledge, had the pleasure of meeting a cat-burglar, never mind a Parisian one. The only burglar whom I know and can regard as a friend was an air-mechanic during the war, and a most charming fellow. His professional services were called upon by my commanding officer, and through his skill at his job (he was required to break open a safe and subsequently repair it), certain senior officers failed to incur the displeasure of my Lords of the Admiralty. The lady's costume is certainly a most sensible and workmanlike one for golf, especially when the wind blows as hard as it did at Skegness; not a vestige of petticoat was, or could be, visible. Miss Minoprio was beaten both at Westward Ho! and Skegness by very good players; at Westward Ho!, in her first round, by Miss Nancy Halstead, and at Skegness by Miss Mary Johnson in the second round. Her good play in 1933 won Miss Halstead a place in the Surrey second team, and a bronze medal in the Close Championship. Miss Johnson, in both the 1933 and 1934 Championships, won a silver medal. I have only seen her hit a few odd shots, when her play impressed me very much. I visited several clubs in Yorkshire last August and September, and in nearly every one I was asked if I did not think Miss Johnson should have been selected to play against the United States of America, which proves beyond all doubt that she is certainly in the first flight. It was unfortunate that Miss Minoprio should have been drawn against such good players so early in these championships, as it would have been most interesting to see how she would have fared against opponents not quite so good. Of course, one club is hardly enough; on the other hand, eleven and more are, in my opinion, too many.

I HAVE lately watched a match in which two players, both handicap two, played with one club eighteen holes on the Old Course at Sunningdale, and eighteen holes at Worplesdon. One player selected a No. 2 iron for this match, and the other a No. 3. Their score at Sunningdale was approximately 77, only one stroke more than the standard scratch score. There were many interesting and valuable lessons to be learnt from this match. First of all, the players took only 1 hour and 35 minutes to play round the Old Course at Sunningdale, without hurrying in the slightest degree, and in spite of the fact that they had to look for lost balls on two occasions, and that the match was very evenly contested, the No. 2 iron finishing one hole up. It is fully demonstrated that not only is a considerable amount of time wasted by players deliberating what club to use and never having their tees ready, but also by caddies not being on the spot when a club is required, and taking more seconds than necessary in removing the club from the bag. In nine cases out of ten the caddie should know what club his master requires, and should have it out of the bag ready to hand to him; even if it is decided to use a different club, no time is lost. Once the players had got the feel of their club, every stroke was a good or nearly-good shot; the chip shots were played extraordinarily well, better than either player usually plays them with his full bag at his disposal. It was once again proved how much easier and safer it is to play these shots with a straight-faced club, instead of with the mashie-niblick or niblick—clubs which are used for these shots by a large number of players. It is difficult for even the greatest artist to fluff completely a chip shot with a straight-faced club, and so easy, for even the good player, to do so with a niblick or very lofted club.

"BYSTANDER" £500 TROPHY
(Open Amateur Tournament)
FELIXSTOWE
March 23rd and 24th, 1935
For Conditions, Entries, etc., see page 2 of this week's cover

THERE is no doubt that most golfers carry too many clubs. How often do you see a first-class player play a first-class brassie shot? The answer is either "Extremely seldom" or "Never," and the reason is that he very seldom, with the modern ball, is called upon to play a shot through the green of this length, and consequently his brassie appears a strange club; in many cases a better result would have been obtained if he had used his driver, a club to which he is accustomed and in which he should have confidence. My predecessor, Joe Fairlie, has pointed out that the bad player should be given all the assistance possible. With this, I think, everyone will agree, but he went on to say that if the bad player desires a large number of clubs, let him have them. With this I do not agree. What possible advantage can it be to a man to carry about twenty clubs, when he cannot play a reasonable shot with a single one of them? If he carried less he would have a chance of getting accustomed to them, and not finding each club he takes in his hand, as often as not, a complete, or nearly a complete, stranger. If you are a Jones, a Sarazen, or a Cotton, you may be able to take a certain club out of your bag once in six months and play a perfect shot with it, but even these great players would probably have played the particular shot required just as well with a club which had been in continual use. I am confident that all golfers, with the possible exception of those who have a good chance of winning our Open Championship, would play better with fewer clubs.

The following suggestion, I feel sure, would improve the game, not only of the long-handicap players, but also of those near the top of the tree. It is to get a club of about the loft of a No. 4 iron, which you really like, and which really suits you, and play EVERY shot from the maximum distance the club is capable of, down to the shortest chip with this same club.

Golf Clubs at Home

Hayling

(1) The Club-house. (2) Captain Nelson Zambra, M.C., M.A. (secretary) and E. S. McEuen (Father of the Club). (3) Captain H. Spence and Major Lynch-Stanton. (4) Dr. Leslie Paton and Dr. E. T. Wright. (5) S. de Ville and G. P. Brutton. (6) Captain F. R. Barry and Colonel Pickthall. (7) Commander H. E. Raymond and R. W. Barry. (8) Lieut.-Commander T. N. Sheffield. (9) Brig.-Gen. W. Green. (10) D. A. Beavis

Women's Golf

Pros and Cons

By Eleanor E. Helme

The Indian Championship

Mrs. A. A. Marr was beaten by Mrs. C. Angwin, from Renfrewshire, in the final of the Ladies' Golf Championship of India

Right: Miss M. J. Couper, last year's Scottish Golf Champion, throwing the stone at North Berwick. Behind her is Miss Grahame, the East Lothian County player

From Golf to Curling

DEAR BYSTANDER,

As I told you last week, I could not be at the Ladies' Golf Union Meeting myself, and can only tell what happened at second hand. Even so, I have gained an impression that a good deal of ice was broken and seeds sown. That may sound a mixed metaphor, but believe me, the best gardening books always speak of the wonderful fertilising influence of frost on the soil, so really the metaphor is not nearly as mixed as were some of the delegates at Grosvenor House. I am imputing nothing to the excellence of the dinner the night before, or the distracting influence of the cabaret, only that apparently it seemed inevitable at so big a meeting for there to be some difficulty in knowing where an amendment ended and a resolution began. Voting, too, must always be confused by the necessary evil of proxy vote, though it was evidently a great relief to the tellers when Mrs. Scouler Buchanan could stand up with her solid fifty proxy votes. Anything with a nought in it is such a help to addition! Also, it is difficult for a delegate, when the club for which she holds proxy have given her definite instructions about a resolution printed on the agenda, to know what she shall do when an amendment has to be dealt with. It was probably that which caused such a queer situation over Surrey's resolution to delete the word "amateur" from all conditions governing L.G.U. events, the proxies, in one instance, reversing the voting of those present. Mrs. Dunlop Hill and the Durham delegate, between them, evolved an amendment which really seemed to please the meeting, when they suggested that the Ladies' Golf Union Executive should consider, during the coming year, whether the Championship might not be open in deed as well as name, leaving other events as they are at present. The meeting appears to have sat forward on its chairs with real interest, and carried this amendment with a considerable majority. Surrey's resolution with the added clause, which would have referred the whole matter back to the L.G.U.'s consideration for a year, was then put to the meeting and lost by a considerable majority; which, by that automatic procedure which is so puzzling to so many delegates, meant that the amendment that had been previously passed also fell to the ground. So, officially, the Council of the L.G.U. will do nothing about the question of allowing those who add to, or earn, an income in connection with golf, to enter for its chief events. But outside the walls of the Council chamber, one fancies that much discussion will go on, and that, if next year the amendment should start life on the agenda as the resolution, it may go through and see the beginning of broader-minded days and ways.

IT is rather curious that two of the main arguments against Surrey's proposition are diametrically opposite. Some people opposed the widening of the bounds on the ground that those affected are so few in number that they should not be legislated for, whilst others were afraid that they would be so many that the normal playing professional would be ousted from his job. Personally, there seems to me a fallacy in both arguments, though the second is one that cannot possibly be ignored. If a reform is right and needful, it should surely be made, even if, at the moment, it only benefits a few. As to the other argument, naturally, none of us wants to see livelihood taken from that splendid body of men, the professional golfers, for whom every one of us has the greatest possible respect. But surely there is no danger here.

"Bystander's" Ladies'
NORTHERN FOURSOMES
April 2—5, at
GANTON (Scarborough)
See page vi for Conditions, Entry Form, &c.

ON page vi appears the entry form and conditions of the BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, which begin at Ganton, on Tuesday, April 2nd. The National Playing Fields' Challenge Cup will be played for at the same time and course, so that even those who do not survive the first round of the Foursomes will be sure of a good time.

HAMPSHIRE are quite the most thorough and energetic of all the southern counties in their search for the right team. Their first team captain goes to second-team matches; their first and second teams take on county teams outside but bordering their division; their team is to play the amateurs of the county, and the other day they did play the professionals. The match was at Stoneham, and though the ladies were heavily defeated, they learnt a lot and enjoyed themselves right royally. Nine strokes were given in each of the singles, and Miss Phyllis Wade gave a grand lead by beating E. R. Whitcombe 4 and 3; but the singles were lost 5—7, and the four-ball foursomes, when nine strokes and one up were given, by 2—4.

The top four-baller was a truly wonderful exhibition by Whitcombe and Don Curtis, who were actually one under threes for ten holes and two under threes for five. It was hardly surprising that Miss Wade and Mrs. Clarke could not take such amazing figures further than the fourteenth. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME

Arrivals at the L.G.U. Meeting at Grosvenor House

Top: Miss Nan Baird (Scottish Champion). Middle: Miss G. Cradock-Hartopp. Below: Mrs. A. M. Holm (Lady Golf Champion, 1934). Far left: Miss B. Dix Perkin. Left: Mrs. Eric Coats

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

This lovely Court dress has been designed for a débutante by Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is of white marquisette sprayed with pearls and silver sequins, and has a graceful skirt consisting of two circular flounces. The train is of the same material, and is hand-ruched, edged with a frill also sprinkled with sequins. A note of colour can be introduced in the bouquet or fan, while it has also been suggested that débutantes should be permitted to carry muffs by way of a change

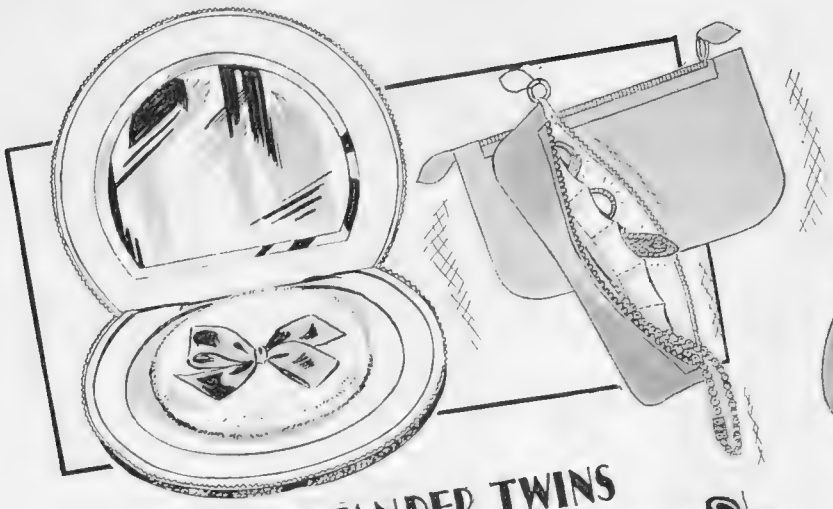
Lenare

Shady Hats For Warmer Climates

Never has there been quite so much variety as there is in this season's hats. They seem in direct opposition to one another. Some have their brims pushed well forward, while others are folded right back off the forehead. In both cases, however, crowns are definitely shallower. On the left is a charming hat in natural shantung baku, from Swan and Edgar, Regent Street. The brim is piped with nigger brown crêpe de Chine, which also encircles the crown in the form of a plaited band

Simplicity is the salient feature in the hat below, which also comes from Swan and Edgar. In natural baku trimmed with green velvet ribbon, it suggests the warm sunshine of the Côte d'Azur. The shady brim shows a downward sweep, and is cleverly worked with hemstitch. Hats in taffeta and gros grain, accompanied by matching scarves, are being shown in the spring collections, while cocks' feathers are used not only for trimmings and accessories, but for smart caps and bonnets

Photographs by Philip Harben



THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

Discovered by Peta

Pictured by Parn.

A round, flat lizard case with a zip fastener, for carrying bath powder when travelling, is seen at the top of the page, on the left-hand side. Next to it is something new in jewel-cases, also adapted for travelling. In coloured gazelda it is fitted with a zip fastener and many pockets for holding rings and other forms of jewellery. It takes up very little room and can be carried in a handbag. Both these may be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. On the right are two boxes of Coty's new complexion rouge. This powder blends in with the natural colour of the skin, and is guaranteed weatherproof. Some extra-fine silk Villiers stockings for wearing with sandals are illustrated below. These have the toe reinforced with a single strand of silk, in order that people may show their coloured toe-nails if they wish. They cost 8s. 11d. a pair and are obtainable practically everywhere

Something new and ultra-smart in the way of accessories from Bradley's, Chepstow Place. The amusing little hat with the eye-veil is made of dark blue and white organdie petals, and is worn with a matching bib, which ties in a bow at the back, and gauntlet gloves. Next to it is a three-coloured silk scarf in black, green and red, for wearing with a plain dress. It consists of three triangles, two of which cross at the back and fall into soft revers down the front. Below is a black and red silk scarf in the shape of a sling, which is twisted round the neck and looped here and there to form an intricate design

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

It's All My I

By A. G. Macdonell

It is one of the commonest devices of journalists who are gravelled for lack of matter to fill up space with a paragraph or two deploring the modern lack of personalities, in comparison with the good old days. But no one can deny that Mr. James Agate is a personality as strong and as rare as anything that ever came out of the Good Queen's reign. And his autobiography, *Ego* (Hamish Hamilton; 18*s*.), reflects that strength and rarity on every page. It is a perfect cascade of vivacity, fearlessness, wit, anecdote, bellicosity, and the glittering torrent is here and there illuminated with shafts of wisdom. Mr. Agate knows, or has known, everybody "who is anybody" in the world of art, music, the drama, and literature, and he has a note or a word or a story about dozens of them. The Index to the book reads like a *Who's Who* of celebrities. The two passions of Mr. Agate's life seem to be Champagne and Ponies, the curse of it seems to be Debt. And yet one cannot help getting the feeling that he extracts, like a true laughing philosopher, almost as much amusement out of the third as out of the first two. And another important characteristic of the laughing philosopher which Mr. Agate possesses in abundance is his infinite delight in stories against himself. There is the exquisite retort of Miss Lilian Braithwaite, for instance, which would have pulverised even a Whistler or a Wilde into speechlessness, or the encounter with the Windermere otter-huntsman, or the devastating comment of the Very Distinguished Guest on the number of butlers apparently kept by dramatic critics. But *Ego* is one of those books which it is fatal to start quoting. For there is something worth quoting on every page. It is a book which is perfectly built for the difficult task of "lying about the house." You can pick it up in any odd minute that has to be whiled away, and, presto! you are enthralled in a jiffy. The picture of Mr. Agate on the cover, looking like a farmer on market-day in the Midlands, is as good a joke as any in the book.

Mr. Arthur Wragg's new book of drawings is even more brilliant, even more terrible, than his last. It is called *Jesus Wept* (Selwyn and Blount; 7*s*. 6*d*.), and the satire of it is almost frightening. Mr. Wragg is filled with a fierce flame of rage against the hideousness and hypocrisy of our Modern Civilisation, with its wars, its slums, its half-starving children, its monstrous injustices, its grimy factories, and he pours out all his rage into his pictures. Unemployed youths lean against walls and gaze hopelessly at smokeless chimneys; slum-children look at posters announcing "Glorious Devon"; a battered old woman enters the workhouse (this picture is called "Journey's End"); "Blessed Are the Peacemakers" is illustrated by a fierce, barrel-chested, be-medalled, wax-moustached recruiting sergeant holding a board on which is written: "Permanent Employment in the Army." Mr. Wragg will infuriate the major-generals of this life, but he probably will not sob his heart out for that. He is too busy striking his fierce blows at the evils of the world. He is a most exciting and powerful Crusader. Mr. Vernon Bartlett has written the preface to *Jesus Wept*.

"They did look funny in those days"

It would appear that Miss Virginia Faulkner is a new novelist. I find it difficult, from internal evidence, to believe this, but as there is no mention of earlier works on the fly-leaf of her *Friends and Romans* (Barker; 7*s*. 6*d*.), I suppose I must accept the inference. *Friends and Romans* is a diabolically clever, polished, witty, and sophisticated book. It makes the ordinary smarty-smarty modern novel seem stupid and laboured, for it really is ablaze with pyrotechnics. Marie Manfred, most famous of world's pianistes, tells the story. She has gone to Rome to escape publicity, work, lovers, and chatter. In Rome she meets a fantastically ambitious, conceited, posing young Fascist, a sort of D'Annunzio in miniature, and the main body of the book consists of the fencing between these two. The fencing is astonishingly adroit. It might have been written by Miss Mary Mitchell (by the way, what has happened to the sequel to her divine *Warning to Wantons*?) in collaboration with Miss Dorothy Parker. I wonder if Virginia Faulkner is a pseudonym of Miss Parker's, and if that lovely lady has gone all classical suddenly in her rustic retreat in Denver, Colorado? Anyway, whoever she is, Miss Faulkner is an enormous acquisition to the gaiety of the hour, and I propose to dine out for a good many weeks on some of her flashing wise-cracks. *Friends and Romans* is a lovely bubble of iridescent nonsense.

"The Kinder Bees" (Lovat Dickson; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Mr. Gilbert Knox, is fun of a different kind. It is a roaring, raging satire on life in Ottawa. Where Miss Faulkner thrusts in tierce with a rapier, Mr. Knox lets out a huge laugh, and rushes round with a blunt instrument. His kinder bees are the members of the Empire Guild of Kindliness and Empire, and their antics are gloriously comic. Of course, as all wielders of blunt instruments are apt to do, Mr. Knox rather overdoes it, but that is, for me, at any rate, a fault on the right side. In these days, there is such a fiendish amount of underdoing, of niminy-piminy giggles and sniggers, that a good, hearty exaggerator gets my money every time. After all, Master Rabelais was none the worse for a bit of overstating ever and anon, and the publishers of *The Kinder Bees* are right, though exceedingly refined in diction, when they say that Mr. Knox is "unrestrained by too Victorian an outlook."

And what a change from these pyrotechnics to the cool, serene, classical dignity of Mr. Peter Stucley's *Two Months' Grace* (Selwyn and Blount; 7*s* 6*d*.). Mr. Stucley suddenly left his City office and went wandering in the Mediterranean, and this is a record of his wandering. He drifted eastwards to Athens, and saw the snows on Parnassus. He went along the shores of the Gulf of Corinth to Olympia, and above Mycenæ he looked across the plains of Argos to the Bay of Nauplia. Constantinople and Rhodes, that ancient island of the Knights, Cyprus, where Cœur-de-Lion married his Berengaria; Baalbek, Lebanon, and Carmel, Cairo and Catania, and the Greek theatre at Syracuse, Mr. Stucley wandered happily from one to the other. *Two Months' Grace* will not worry the Insurance Companies who cover the Thames against the risk of arson, but nevertheless is a very charming little book.

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The Air Ferry

By Charles Ward

Winter sports at St. Moritz include flying. The Fokker in the background was flown by Walter Mittelholzer, the famous Swiss pilot, who is seen second from the left. Lord Clydesdale, who led the Expedition over Mount Everest, is second from the right

Flying the Channel

IT is in winter time that the comfort and convenience of flying to Paris are most appreciated. The slickness of the organisation nowadays has made of the air service something little different from a ferry. It is all so easy—a taxi to Victoria; weighing-in; the handing over of passports and luggage, the former retrieved at Croydon and the latter at Le Bourget; a comfortable coach, with a hot fan to warm the air, and then the 'plane, built like a Pullman car, the same size and with similar facilities. I made the journey out and home during the recent cold spell. We flew through snow showers on our way up to the sunshine, where all was still. There was the sparkle of hard frost on the windows, and this with a temperature of sixty degrees in the cabin. Occasional glimpses of a patchwork landscape—snow-covered fields, divided by the dark tops of hedges, and the roads like bands of ribbon—gave place to a satisfying view of the wind-swept Channel from our altitude a mile above. Liners, tramps, and trawlers look much alike from 5000 feet—dark shapes, scarcely moving across the flat plain that is the sea. Over France, the regularity of the roads, neatness of the cultivated districts, and subtle differences in the shapes of buildings remind us that the Channel has been a barrier to the exchange of ideas. The descent at Le Bourget, swift Customs, and the coach ride to the centre of Paris, are the last stages of a very pleasant journey.

Captain W. R. Bailey, chairman of the Cardiff Aeroplane Club, towing his Moth with a 1-h.p. car. Captain Bailey was formerly in the Gloucestershire Hussars, and is an ex-Master of the Llangibby Hunt

First and Third Class

NOT having travelled to the Continent by boat and train for more than seven years, it is not easy to remember the disadvantages of the surface routes, but I can imagine no greater luxury than by Imperial Airways. It is the first-class route, operated with Pullman 'planes; hot meals, cold drinks, quiet cabins, and an easy passage at an altitude where the bumps are not. The fare is at first-class level, which, considering the safety, comfort and speed, is neither more nor less than one would expect. There is what one might call a third-class route—from Stapleford Abbots, in Essex—by which the fare is slightly less than second-class boat and train. Operated with Dragons, which are the Moths of the airways all over the world, this route has become popular, especially with foreigners. Later in the year, we may get the high-speed line—Victoria to the Place de la Concorde in 140 minutes. It will attract an entirely new clientèle: those who love speed for its own sake; pleasure-seekers bent on a night free from the restrictions of "Dora"; day-trippers to see the sights and the shops; hundreds of people who have never been to Paris, because it seemed so far away. This line must charge first-class fare, in order to pay for the speed. Then there is to be a route from Brighton to Paris and another from Portsmouth and Southampton via the Channel Islands, which was tried out experimentally last year. Air travel is so easy that it creates traffic where none existed before, just as the sea cruise has attracted tens of thousands of holiday-makers by its novelty and cheapness.

"Ventures and Visions"

PUBLISHED by Hutchinson at 18*s.*, this book by Captain Garro Jones has an intriguing title that is amply justified by the text. The early part is mostly devoted to Ventures, of which the author has had more than the average share. He is obviously a man who has made the utmost of his opportunities; one who, through ability and adaptability, has turned his own portion of life's chances to profitable use. The book is unusual in that it is an autobiography written before the age of forty, and therefore has the merit of recording impressions before their memory has faded. There is not a dull moment in the narrative, as evidently there has not been in Captain Garro Jones' career. Of special interest to flying people are the chapters devoted to service with the Royal Flying Corps in France and to the training of the vast Air Force in the United States, to which country the author was detailed as an adviser. As a Member of Parliament, his specialised knowledge of aviation was used, sometimes with devastating effect, to spur the Government into action, and it is a pity he is no longer in the House, for the Air Group needs all the expert support it can obtain. *Ventures and Visions* is certainly a book to read.

The Sale of the Comets

THE success of the de Havilland Comet racer, the outstanding British aeronautical achievement of 1934, is complete. The three prototypes and one other have been sold. France has bought two, one belonging to Bernard Rubin, with which Ken Waller and Cathcart Jones made the return flight to Australia and which was afterwards used by Waller and a Belgian pilot to make a record return flight to the Congo, and the other, a new one now being built at Hatfield. Slight modifications are to be made so that radio equipment and 200 lb. of mail can be carried on experimental flights across the South Atlantic and to the French Colonies. The Comet Black Magic, used by the Mollisons for their record to Baghdad and to Karachi, has been bought by the Portuguese Government for a Goodwill flight to Brazil. The British Air Ministry has bought Scott and Black's Comet for military and commercial experiments.

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Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

If England is to have any chance of laying the Murrayfield bogey, then the Rugby Selectors must get pretty busy in the next week or so. Straightway, the standard of play in the Twickenham Internationals against Wales and Ireland was far from convincing; indeed, up to now, very few reputations have been made—or enhanced.

Talking to one of our most outstanding players in post-war years, I had my impression confirmed that there is not enough "life" and dash about England's forwards these days. They are a solid scrummaging lot, to be sure, and they got the ball well enough in their duels with the Welsh and Irish packs. Yet, with it all, there was not the right kind of snap. Just getting the ball back is not enough; it must be heeled keenly and cleanly if any material advantage is to be obtained.

But to continue the dismal story. Against Ireland, Tallent and Giles did not seem to me to be the men to fill the half-back bill. On paper, though we have yet to see them really get going on the field, England has a smashing set of three-quarters who should be good enough to riddle the defences of the other three countries. As I see it, however, they have not had many real chances of proving their worth, for, in most cases, the passes have not been coming to them in that clear-cut style which means so much in these death-or-glory International battles.

So there we are. Problems face the Selectors when they get down to the serious business of choosing the team to meet Scotland in the Calcutta Cup game. Behind the scenes, so I gather, there is the intention of experimenting still further with the half-backs, and although, at present, I cannot go so far as to name the player, I understand that a half-back from one of the Service sides may get a cap.

Now, if there is one man who has made a name for himself in the "Rugger" tournament this year, he is J. Russell, the hefty-looking Irish forward. What a grand fellow he looked at Twickenham! Ever in the thick of things—shoving his weight in the set scrums and giving England some very harassing moments in the loose.

Curiously enough, I learn that Russell only came into Rugby about four years ago. He had been a bit of a "star" at Gaelic football—that cross between "Rugger" and "Soccer" which

The Return of the Successful Golf Wanderers

Leslie Garnett, H. Gullane (Sec. of the R. and A.), the Hon. Michael Scott, Jack McLean, and T. A. Bourn arriving at Greenock on board the S.S. Caledonia after their successful Australian tour

St. John's beat King's in the semi-final of the second division of the Inter-Collegiate Competition at Fenner's, Cambridge. The picture below shows the rival presidents, P. D. Ward (St. John's) and P. G. M. Fraser (King's)

Cambridge Athletic Presidents

The England v. Ireland Match at Headquarters

After a snap try by Giles, H. Boughton, of Gloucester, England's full-back, was called upon to attempt a conversion from very near the side line. As will be seen, a magnificent kick added the major points to England's score. This was all the more meritorious as there was a strong wind blowing. The referee, M. A. Allan (Scotland), is seen on the left

reminds me not a little of the Australian style of football—but had never tried his hand at the Union code. Then his college Rugby skipper was a man short, so Russell was roped in to play . . . After that, he was soon heading for the Irish fifteen and, too, a place among the immortals of the game.

IT is strange how often I come across such cases. Take, for instance, Samuel Cowan, the Manchester City centre-half. Here is a pivot among the best in professional "Soccer" to-day, yet it was not until he was in the twenties that he ever played in a match!

Cowan went along one day to see a Northern amateur side in action. It must have been a pretty ragged sort of affair, for one team, a man short, pressed Cowan into service—and he was only fitted out with one football-boot, at that. But Cowan was a natural footballer; he did well, and it was not long before he was snapped up for the professional game. The rest we know: he steered Manchester City into the Cup Final at Wembley, playing a tremendously big part in beating Portsmouth.

AND again, wasn't it a Kent Cricket Club committee-man who saw Colin Blythe, that great bowler who went trailing clouds of glory in pre-war cricket, first "sending 'em down" on a piece of waste ground? Blythe went from that haphazard cricket, which was only one stage removed from the stern "battles" of back-alley games (with the wicket chalked upon a wall), to the fresh fields of Kent.

IN boxing, too, I remember the case of Jimmy Wilde, the "Tylorstown Terror." Wilde had tried his hand out in some fights in his back garden, I believe, and then, one day, went along to a boxing-booth. They laughed at him. He looked far too small and frail for the hurly-burly of fighting. But gallant little Jimmy Wilde got his way; he went into the ring, won easily, and was soon on the road that led him to a world's title.

HOWEVER, let us get back to the topical subjects, though, for me—and, I expect, for most of you—there is a strange fascination about these memories of sportsmen. Well, did you notice the other day that W. M. Woodfull and W. H. Ponsford, those "Old Guards" of Australian cricket, were each presented with a cheque for £1042 to mark their retirement from the fire and fury of the Tests?

These two Australians, of course, will go down in the cricket records as amateurs. There will be the magical "Mr." before their names in *Wisden's*. And yet, with it all, they have made quite fat sums from the game—far more, I dare say, than some of the lesser English professionals.

I only point out this fact to show how strangely inconsistent is the definition of an

(Continued on page iv)

Over the Water and Over the Sticks at Lingfield

Crafty Alice (Mr. Tom Walls, Junr.) leading Prince Marlo (Mr. G. Bostwick) and Two Royals (Capt. R. Harding) over the water during the Surrey Amateurs' 'Chase at Lingfield

The Worcester Park Beagles at Shabden Park

Lord Marshall (in soft hat) with the Master, E. H. Field, M.B.E., M.C., and followers at Shabden Park, Chipstead, when the former entertained the Worcester Park and Buckland Beagles

Mrs. Lamme

Left: Mrs. Lamme, the American Squash International and a ranked lawn-tennis player, beaten in the final of the U.S. National Championship

Below: Miss Margot Lumb, winner of the American Squash International at Boston. Miss Lumb is left-handed and her speed on court was learnt by playing with her two Rugby brothers

Miss Margot Lumb

John Radnor on "Rugger"

Poor Ireland!

A general view of the Twickenham ground showing England nearly over the Irish line in the match won by the former by 14 points to 3

England beating Ireland at Twickenham

POOR Ireland! Or should it be Naughty Ireland and Wonderful Boughton?

At any rate, as everybody who can read and count knows, Boughton's place-kicking turned the scales heavily against Ireland, as it just saved England from defeat by Wales. So far, Boughton's steady toe and eye on the ball have brought his side—the side that seemed likely not to want him—14 of its 17 points in two games. Twelve, again, of these have come from penalty goals—a remarkable, if not a unique, state of affairs. Eleven of the 14 happened in the Irish match, and, having faithfully looked up the records, I find that three penalty goals to one side in an International match in Great Britain is, in fact, unique. Indeed, I think I am correct in stating that only on two other occasions have three penalty goals all told been scored in one game. Once, oddly enough, and only three seasons ago, England pulled it off at Dublin by one goal and two penalties to one goal and one penalty.

SO much for history and statistics. What of the legal and sporting points of view? Was Mr. Allan, of Scotland, substantially wrong or right in his decisions? Or was he what might be called a "Hanging Referee"? Or, again, are we entitled to talk of such a thing as a "Hanging Referee" if he is scrupulously just? If players and spectators want less whistling, is not a just referee entitled to reply, in pointed parable, that the best way to avoid the gallows is to avoid committing murder?

Not that I am suggesting the Irishmen at Twickenham committed any violent crimes. Far from it. In the main, they were the mildest lot of Hibernians who ever wore the handsome green jerseys and white shorts. Their tameness may have been that of the chained tiger, for a solid English pack held them all the time, but it really did seem that—"Jammie" Clinch and one or two others excepted—all the old, tumultuous glamour of Irish forward play had gone with the spacious times known as "pre-war."

I suspect some accursed English or Welsh influence, for it is a well-known fact that Irish back-play also shed most of its wildness after the war, and at times became so efficiently fast and combinative that one began to wonder if Adrian Stoop or Gwyn Nicholls had not been taken as models instead of that stupendous individualist, Basil Maclear.

IN all seriousness, of course, there has been an English (and far from accursed) influence at work. I mean the influence of a number of fine players, backs and forwards, either in the Imperial Services or associated with leading English clubs, including the Barbarians. One thinks at once of those three pairs of brothers, the Stephensons, the McVickers, and the Beamishes. Nor, please, let us forget the lovable "Horsey" Browne.

A few Scotsmen whose memories go back to the days when the war-cry of "Feet! Feet!" really had the note of Bannockburn in it and when, every now and then, some effete Southron complained that kicking was not dribbling, also might complain that the English influence has made their forward play into a poor hybrid. Voyce, Wakefield, and Blakiston, who represent the highest development of back-row play in England, or any country, were hardly sentimental weaklings, but their success undoubtedly has helped to lead everyone—Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotsmen; the modern Welsh forward remains incurably dull if frequently offside—into the slough of uncertainty as to what part the pack should play in the game of Rugby.

Cliff Jones

The elusive stand-off half for Cambridge and Wales, who was injured in the International match against Scotland. It is hoped that he will recover sufficiently to play against Ireland

PERSONALLY, I consider incompetent spoiling or winging, or whatever one likes to call it, a far greater menace to clean, effective Rugby than the constructive rampagings of the three great players mentioned, not forgetting such ancients—alas! they are fast coming to be regarded as such!—as Pillman and Ivor Morgan.

What the modern specialist in the back row is apt to forget is that men like Voyce, Wakefield, and Blakiston shoved, and shoved hard, when required

(Continued on page iv)

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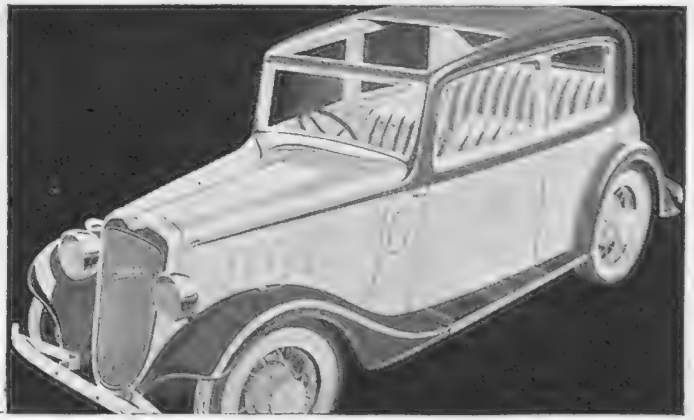

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Motoring:

Queer Customers

By The Earl of Cardigan

Above: a 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce with Hooper body in the grounds of Ashridge House, Berkhamsted, formerly the residence of Lord Brownlow

The Morris Fifteen-Six Coupé represents good value to the motorist who appreciates high quality at notably low cost. The price of the car is only £265. Tax £11 5s.

Right: the Hillman Minx demonstrating its hardy nature by surmounting with ease all the difficulties encountered on a rocky road in the Welsh highlands

One is accustomed to seeing strange views aired in the Press, but, none the less, it was something of a shock to read not long ago of a cyclists' organisation condemning the proposed special cycling tracks which in future may be laid alongside main roads. The condemnation, I recollect, was mainly on the ground that such tracks would restrict the free use of roadways to which cyclists were entitled.

I find it difficult to believe that there can be any great measure of public backing for such an argument as this. Surely a private track all to oneself is an immense boon, rather than an insult? I cannot imagine a motorist who would fail to give three rousing cheers if he were shown a track labelled "For Light Motor Vehicles Only."

Evidently, however, there are some queer customers among the cycling fraternity. They must realise that the mingling of cars and cycles, moving at such different speeds and under such different conditions, gives rise to a deplorable number of accidents—for some of which the cyclist himself is to blame, and in all of which he is likely to be the chief sufferer. Yet, when a serious proposal is put forward for the segregation of these two classes of road-users, we find opposition forthcoming—not from the motorists, who will foot the bill for any road improvement, but from the cyclists, who will themselves be the chief beneficiaries!

In any event, cycling tracks are by no means new, untried devices. I remember seeing such tracks in use ten years ago. This was in Holland—a flat country and therefore a cyclist's paradise. Motorists and cyclists were effectively separated; and one could not doubt that this was to their mutual advantage. I dare say many other examples could be quoted of cycling tracks being used with good results in foreign countries.

The original principal of segregating different classes of road-users was laid down, of course, infinitely earlier than this—in fact, several hundred years ago. I do not know when or by whom the first pavement was constructed; but this surely marks the earliest attempt to sort out traffic problems. We may imagine that early pavements chiefly served the purpose of saving the shoes of pedestrians from the mud and filth of primitive streets; but no doubt the drivers of horse vehicles also benefited by the innovation.

Personally, my only anxiety in the matter of cycle-tracks will be to know whether or not cyclists will be compelled to make use of them. If the use of them is left merely optional, then the last state of our main roads may well be worse than the first. The provision of such tracks will have the effect of lulling motorists into a totally false sense of security.

I have several times noted this defect in some of our best-intentioned traffic regulations. Rules made for the motorist are compulsory: rules made for other road-users are either optional or else, if compulsory, they are not enforced. At the risk of being tedious, one is bound to return to this point in any survey of traffic problems.

Pedestrians, of course, are in the happiest position of all. So long as they do not loiter on Mr. Belisha's new crossings, they can do absolutely anything they like. They have pavements and footpaths; but they need not walk on them. They have "islands" and beacons and painted crossings; but they need not make use of them.

The cyclist, however, does not do too badly. He is supposed to have a front lamp and a rear reflector; but he often rides at night without them, and apparently is able to "get away with it." Also, if he belongs to the errand-boy class, he has the immense privilege of being able to perpetrate almost any act of recklessness, without risking even a rebuke from the police. He may cut across in front of any vehicle, and he may also, (which seems odd) dash through any crowd of pedestrians. A charge of "furious riding" is unheard of.

Far be it from me to make a general attack on cyclists, the majority of whom, like the majority of pedestrians, and, indeed, of motorists, are thoroughly sensible and well-intentioned people. My point is that, with modern traffic, certain rules and regulations are essential. If regulations are to be of any use, they must be compulsory, and all classes of road-users must conform to them.

The present position is that the motorist, within very strict limitations, has the use of the roadway, and may not stray therefrom. The pedestrian has the use of pavements and crossings, and may stray just as much as he pleases. There is a tentative proposal that the cyclist shall have the use of certain special tracks—and he has already begun to complain of his liberty being infringed!

Regarded dispassionately, the proposal is surely a sound one. It is only on the score of expense that one may feel apprehensive if the segregation of different forms of road traffic is to be carried to its logical conclusion. In the latter event, the arterial road of the future may need to be fifty yards in width!

One may visualise the road itself as consisting of two one-way tracks. Flanking these, there will be two cycle-tracks, and, flanking these again, two footpaths. When, however, one recalls the change in ten years between the old Bath Road and the present Great West Road, such a prospect does not seem impossibly remote.

OWN A

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AND DRIVE WITH CONFIDENCE

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 351)

amateur. In golf, a player may not write instructional articles, nor may he accept employment in a sports store without jeopardising his status. In tennis, he may write articles—but he cannot make films.

Then, in "Soccer," an amateur may play as much as he likes for a professional side; but, on the other hand, a Rugby man who takes part in a match with the money-players is finished as an amateur. How strange it all seems!

Personally, I should like to see a round-table conference between all the big sport authorities in this country—or an international conference, if it were possible—to come to some definite, and standardised, ruling on the amateur question. As things stand now, the position is hopeless.

BY the way, the American L.T.A. are showing a very funny lack of consistency these days. They are going to oppose the resolution to abolish the international rule which forbids an amateur accepting film contracts. They say that if other Associations cannot find players who are able to sacrifice the time to play lawn-tennis as amateurs, then they should limit their programmes.

Again, the Americans have adopted a ruling that amateurs shall not be allowed to receive free travelling and hotel expenses for more than eight weeks in the year. This is very good—but wait. When they consider their own Davis Cup team, the Americans call another tune. They realise it would be impossible for them to challenge for the Davis Cup if they were rigidly to enforce the law—their team is in action for more than eight weeks a year. So, when it comes to the Davis Cup, the ban is raised completely and absolutely.

How ridiculous it all is! Surely, the International Federation, when it meets in Paris next month, will come to some very definite understanding on the whole question? At present, they are shiftless in their rulings, which, I say quite frankly, are elastic enough not to cause embarrassment to a nation wishing to play a particular "star." It is the little fellow who gets the kick—as ever.

John Radnor on "Rugger"

(Continued from page 352)

to do so. Ivor Morgan could pack efficiently anywhere. Pillman, admittedly, was the complete winger, yet serving as a single unit and of such a pace and constructive value that sometimes one really did wonder if there was any money to be made out of the challenge—never yet subjected to trial—that eight Pillmans would run a pack of giant sloths off their feet.

Unfortunately, when one comes to think of it, the New Zealanders and South Africans have rather spoiled this argument, though it remains a fact that big men who are also fast are a comparative rarity in this land of mists and fogs and rheumatics. The same forces are at work when we search for a heavy-weight boxer of the Johnson or Jeffreys or even Dempsey proportions.

But this is straying off the track and into the past with a vengeance. I have not yet attempted to defend Mr. Allan, as he deserves to be defended, by offering the opinion that, if the rules are to be enforced, whether offences are calculated or accidental, whether they be committed at long range or under the cross-bar, Ireland had only themselves to blame if three penalty goals were kicked against them at Twickenham.

AFTER all, England were not immune from Mr. Allan's searching eye and relentless administration of justice. Ireland had their chances to kick goals, and one doubts the wisdom of Siggins "taking himself off" as a place-kicker after a creditable failure early in the game. Somehow, Ridgeway's left-footers never inspired confidence. Perhaps place-kicks with the left foot never do.

Siggins, however, accomplished something better than a desperate captain's effort in paving the way to Ireland's try at the very start of the second half. He suddenly broke away, more like a hefty three-quarter than a burly forward—one never suspected he possessed so much pace and balance—and gave a splendid pass to a supporting mid-field player. That individual, about whose personality, unfortunately, there is some doubt, also showed that Irish players can keep their heads as well as find a gap. He saw to it that O'Connor—as usual, a delightful wing—had a clear run in.

Altogether, a first-class try, and so much more attractive than Giles's snatch effort in the opening five minutes—though this may be hardly fair to little Giles—that the cruelty of those three penalty goals in the last eighteen minutes shocked many into unfounded criticisms of the referee. In any case, England were the sounder side, if Ireland revealed unexpected possibilities behind the scrummage.

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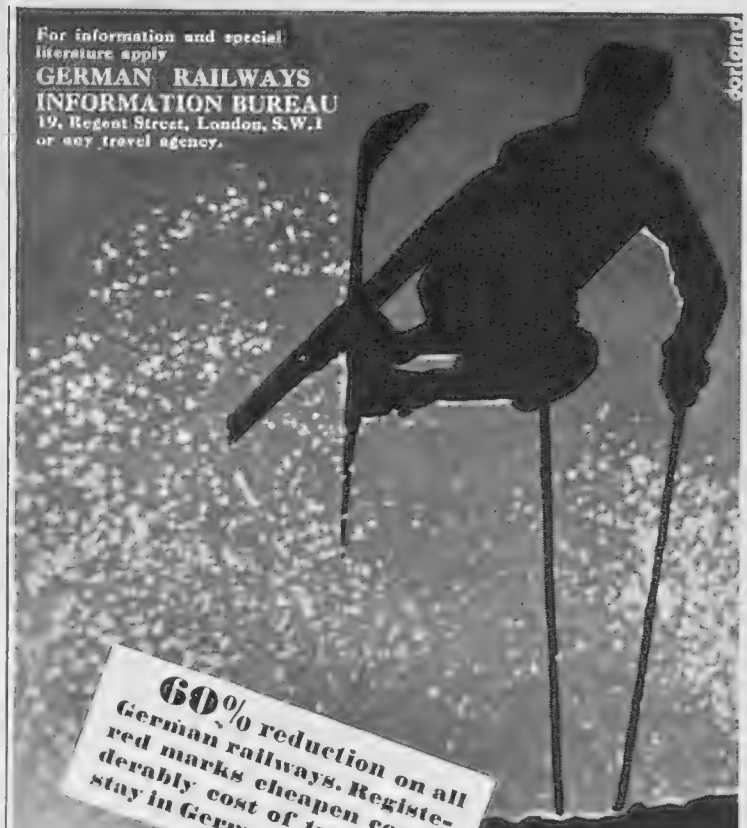

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The Edwardian Influence

At a recent conference of the Master Hairdressers of the world, it was decided to promote still further the fashion for curls which has gradually developed during the last two or three years. The days of straight hair, cut in a shingle or Eton crop, are over, and women are reverting to a more feminine and artistic fashion such as existed in the time of Queen Alexandra. The coiffure which she made so famous has been adapted and modernised by the well-known artist in hair, M. Georges Barranger, of Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road. He possesses the rare gift of being able to dress a woman's hair so that it suits, not only her face, but her personality.

The Upward Sweep

In the photograph on this page, the hair is arranged in soft curls which sweep up the back of the head, thus accentuating the natural shape, while the ears are left uncovered, to show the line of the neck. A cluster of delicate curls is seen in the front. There are, of course, many variations to suit every individual, and the ears need not necessarily be uncovered if the wearer prefers to conceal them, though there are special treatments now for beautifying these and making them smooth and white.

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The vogue for curls necessitates a particularly good system of permanent waving for those whose hair is naturally straight. Maison Georges are known throughout the world for their wonderful process, called "La Naturelle." A more appropriate name could not have been chosen, as it has been especially adapted for curls, and hair which is unruly and obstinate will set into soft, natural waves.

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THE BLOUSE OF THE WEEK

What's On

(Continued from page A)

MUSIC

Orchestral

ELIJAH.—1000 performers, ballet, scenery, costumes; Albert Coates conducts: Albert Hall, 8. Wed. and Sat., 2.30 till February 23rd.

B.B.C.—Handel concert, conducted by Beecham; "Acis and Galatea," Concerto Grosso in D minor, Coronation Anthem: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.30.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Beecham conducts the L.P.O. with William Primrose (viola) and Paul Beard as soloists: Queen's Hall, February 24th, 3.15.

Recitals

IRENE EISINGER.—Lieder recital: Aeolian Hall. February 21st, 8.30.

CORTOT.—Second récital commenté—Schumann: Wigmore Hall, February 22nd, 8.30.

NICHOLAS ORLOFF.—Piano recital: Aeolian Hall, February 23rd, 3.15.

LAMOND.—Beethoven recital (National Sunday League concert): Palladium, February 24th, 3.15.

CHARLES PANZERA.—London Lieder concert: Hyde Park Hotel, February 24th, 9.

ISO ELINSON.—Last Bach recital: Wigmore Hall, February 26th, 8.15.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Second edition of the "1935 Follies," presented by Carl Hyson and Leslie Foberts, Louis Simmonds's band and Java's Tziganes: extension, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant and grill; Beryl Seton sings and dances, and Frisco sings.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Elisabeth Welch, the coloured singer, appears now; dancing to Jack Harris, who presents Ann Howard: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—Dancing on Tuesdays; special band and cabaret, and extension.

DORCHESTER.—Midnight Follies, Spring Edition of 1935, is a short revue, with new turns from New York; Jack Jackson plays good dance-music: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new Monte Carlo Follies are here; the turns include Gomez and Winona, and the Arnaut Brothers: extension, Thursday.

QUAGLINO'S.—Assia de Buzny appears at cabaret time; Van Straten makes his excellent dance-music: extension, Thursday.

SAN MARCO.—The new Venetian restaurant in Devonshire House; Maurice Winnick's band plays for dancing; no cabaret; extension night, Wednesday.

VILLA RODET.—The place for Russian food; music by Harry Green's band: extension night, Tuesday.

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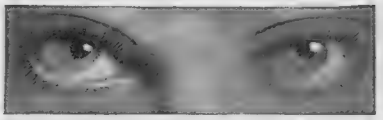

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The Editor's Box

Travel Note

Prospective visitors to Italy who are uncertain as to whether they will be able to obtain sufficient Italian money for their requirements during their stay there, need have no fear on that score. Travellers' cheques and private cheques are accepted throughout Italy to-day in just the same manner as they were before the recent currency decree came into operation. Tourists suffer no inconvenience; in fact, an official statement has been made by the Italian Finance Minister that the new financial provision interferes in no way with legitimate business and that tourists are quite unaffected thereby.

55th (West Lancashire) Division (B.E.F.) Dinner Club

This Club has been formed with the object of holding a dinner in London annually for officers who served in the 55th Division in the war, and so meeting a demand which has increased in the last few years. The first dinner will be held at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, on Saturday, April 6th, 1935. Lieut.-General Sir H. S. Jeudwine, K.C.B., K.B.E., will be in the chair. A circular letter giving details has been sent to all officers of the war-time Division whose addresses can be traced, but it is hoped that all those who see this notice and who have not received the circular letter, will at once communicate with Major G. Surtees, M.C., Hon. Sec., 55th Division (B.E.F.) Dinner Club, 1, Goojerat Road, Colchester, Essex.

Miss Else Rykens

The celebrated Dutch mezzo-soprano who will be singing at the Wigmore Hall on Monday, March 4th, at 8.15 p.m., and will also give a recital on May 3rd

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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The "Bystander" Ladies' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (13th Year)

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1935, will be held at Ganton, Yorkshire, by kind invitation, April 2nd and following days. Also N.P.F.A. competition.

Holders: Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees.

HOTELS

The "Bystander" headquarters will be the **Pavilion Hotel, Scarborough.**
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"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N.P.F.A. Competition (4th Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: Miss Nancy Whittaker.

In conjunction with the Bystander Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Ganton during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A.; 25% to the Yorkshire East Riding Branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 2nd, to Friday, April 5th, inclusive. Cards to be returned by 6 o'clock on the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday and by 12.30 p.m. on the Friday.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Hon. Sec., Ganton, may decide.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but The Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from visitors from other countries without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, The Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, March 14th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before March 14th should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of The Bystander reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET.—Gwen ffrangçon-Davies as Elizabeth Barrett, Scott Sunderland as Browning, Wilfred Lawson as Mr. Barrett, in this revival: Piccadilly, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BARNET'S FOLLY.—West Country comedy, by Jan Stewer, with Muriel Aked, May Agate, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Michael Egan's amusing play, with Diana Churchill and Richard Bird as the argumentative young couple, plus Henry Hewitt and Ellen Pollock: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HAMLET.—A fine production and brilliant acting, especially by John Gielgud as Hamlet. George Howe is Polonius; Laura Cowie the Queen; Frank Vosper the King; Jessica Tandy is Ophelia: New, 8. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.15.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play completes half-century. Cast includes Louise Hampton, Maisie Darrell, Fabia Drake, Aubrey Dexter, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY READ.—A romantic, swashbuckling play about the eighteenth-century woman pirate (Flora Robson): Phœnix, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MEN OF YESTERDAY.—Leslie Banks as an ex-soldier with a lost memory; Gillian Lind as his forgotten wife; C. V. France and H. G. Stoker as doctors; Ann Todd as a nurse: St. Martin's, 8.30.

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER.—An Irish play with much talk, dramatic action that makes it a play and no sermon; excellent humour, and a good cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrianne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Jay Mallory's unconvincing and novelette play made credible by Diana Wynyard's fine acting, and good work by Hartley Power and Kathleen Wilson: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Robert Douglas in Laurence Olivier's part; the theme is grease-paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO SHEPHERDS.—Sierra's play in a double bill with Euripides' THE HYPPOLYTUS: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICEROY SARAH.—A historical play with a most human interest in the distraction of poor Queen Anne (Barbara Everest) between the Duchess of Marlborough (Irene Vanbrugh), and Abigail Hill (Olga Lindo): Whitehall, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

BLACKBIRDS OF 1935.—More and more and faster and faster dancing; Valaida and the 1934 stars are there, plus Kahloah, a newcomer: Coliseum, 6.30 and 9.

CINDERELLA.—June as Cinderella, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Billy Danvers, Clarice Hardwicke, and the Three Sailors are some of the pantomime cast: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

DICK WHITTINGTON.—George Jackley, Naughton and Gold, Elsie Prince, and Audrey Ackland are the stars: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE!—Greta Nissen, Douglas Byng, and John Tilley in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—A lively musical comedy, in which the four stars, Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe, Louise Browne, and John Mills blow their bubbles gaily: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LUCKY BREAK.—It 's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 55.—Third anniversary as a non-stop theatre last Monday fortnight. Gus Chevalier, Kenneth Blain, Edna Thompson, Milne and West, Eric Woodburn, Billy Humphrey: Windmill, 1.30—11.30 non-stop.

STREAMLINE.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast; Tilly Losch, Florence-Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MOTLEY.—Another mystery play in which the members of the audience play their parts: Kingsway, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—Most successful of crook plays, which has run for over two years: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—The play its audiences almost know by heart: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

YOUTH AT THE HELM.—An amusing comedy, with Owen Nares as the young City impostor who gets away with it; Kay Hammond as a pert typist; O. B. Clarence, Walter Hudd: Globe, to-night.

STOP PRESS.—Clifford Whitley's revue, full of blonde beauty, plus Dorothy Dickson, Phyllis Monkman, Eve Becke, Edwin Styles, Laurence Anderson, and some more: Adelphi, February 21st.

JACK O' DIAMONDS.—Musical comedy, with Zelma O'Neal, Greta Fayne, Richard Dolman, Bobbie Comber, Reginald Purdell; a great success on its pre-London tour: Gaiety, February 25th.

FOR THE DEFENCE.—A play of the law courts, with Matheson Lang as defending counsel, Beatrix Thomson on trial for her life, Aubrey Dexter, Douglas Jeffries: Duke of York's, February 26th.

CINEMAS

THE DICTATOR.—Clive Brook and Madeleine Carroll are the stars in this serious film: Tivoli.

EVELYN PRENTICE.—William Powell and Myrna Loy in a comedy-drama: Empire.

FAREWELL.—The Chopin film with Jean Servais as the composer; Lucienne le March as George Sand: Curzon.

THE FIREBIRD.—With Lionel Atwell, Ricardo Cortez and Verree Teasdale. Also, I SELL ANYTHING, which has Pat O'Brien and Ann Dvorak as stars: Regal.

THE IRON DUKE.—George Arliss's Duke of Wellington film has another showing: Marble Arch Pavilion.

KID MILLIONS.—Eddie Cantor's latest; a million Cantor-ish complications in time and space: London Pavilion.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER.—A very fine film, based on Yeats Brown's book, with Gary Cooper as hero, Franchot Tone, Guy Standing, Richard Cromwell, and Kathleen Burke: Carlton.

MASKERADE.—Willy Forst's (Unfinished Symphony) film of 1905, with Paula Wessely, who acts superbly: Academy.

MY HEART IS CALLING.—The new Jan Kiepura film, with Monte Carlo Casino and opera house as setting, Marta Eggerth as his opposite number, Sonnie Hale and a good cast: New Gallery.

ONE HOUR LATE.—Helen Twelvetrees, Arline Judge and Joe Morrison in a typical Hollywood triangle story: Plaza.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—Leslie Howard as Sir Percy Blakeney, Merle Oberon as Lady Blakeney, Raymond Massey as Chauvelin; cape and sword drama: Leicester Square Theatre.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.—Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy in a comedy of horse-racing; and a musical comedy film, ROMANCE IN THE RAIN: Capitol.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH INDUSTRIAL ART: Burlington House.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR: Olympia and White City.

NATIONAL SOCIETY, Painters, Sculptors, Engravers, Potters: Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly.

CHINESE CONTEMPORARY PAINTINGS: New Burlington Galleries, to February 25th.

OPERA AND BALLET

AT SADLER'S WELLS:

FRA DIAVOLO: Auber's opera produced here for the first time: to-night, 8.

THE MAGIC FLUTE: February 21st, 8.

DIE FLEDERMAUS: February 22nd, 8.

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO: February 23rd, 2.30.

FRA DIAVOLO: February 23rd, 8.

THE JAR, CASSE NOISETTE: February 26th, 8.30.

BALLET OF LITHUANIA.—With Vera Nemtchinova; full orchestra under Leo Hofmekleris; first week of a four-weeks' season: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

(*Continued on page* vi)

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GETTING MARRIED: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Hay Wrightson

Rosemary Coke

Tunbridge

Patricia Walter

Lafayette

Diana Crawley

● *Rosemary Olive Coke, elder daughter of Major the Hon. John and the Hon. Mrs. Coke, is engaged to John D'Henin Hamilton, Coldstream Guards, only son of the late Major the Hon. Leslie D'Henin Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton.* ● *Patricia Dorothy Walter is the younger daughter of Mrs. Janet M. Walter, of Hampstead, and has announced her engagement to Eric Boardman, of Bickenhall Mansions, W.1.* ● *Diana Frances Crawley is engaged to Lt.-Col. Alan Colquhoun Duff, M.C., R.E., Assistant Commandant, Nigeria Regiment; she is the elder daughter of the late Col. Richard Crawley and Mrs. Crawley, of the Manor Cottage, Winterbourne Monkton, Swindon*

Below: Ian Denys Tulloch, of Portland Place, son of the late A. A. G. Tulloch, and Daphne Pringle, daughter of the late Robert Scott Pringle and the Hon. Mrs. Hubert Preston leaving St. James's, Spanish Place, after their wedding last week

Allen — Young

Major Henry Adair Allen, D.S.O., Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and Sheila Gertrude Young, daughter of Mr. James Young, were married at Portrush, Northern Ireland. Capt. Samuel Allen, M.C., was best man; the bridesmaids were Angela Patrick, Dorothy Clarke, Diana Stack, Sheila Roberts

Tulloch — Pringle

Burton — Betty

Guy W. S. Burton, 5th Royal Ghurka Rifles, younger son of Mr. H. B. Burton, late I.C.S., and Barbara Kemmis Betty, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Kemmis Betty, of Twyford, Camberley, were married at St. Paul's, Camberley

DISTINCTIVE DRESSES for IMPORTANT PEOPLE

The Lady Mayoress of Birmingham (Mrs. S. J. Gray) wore this charming dress at the Birmingham Jewellers' Association Banquet on January 26th. It was designed and carried out by Marshall and Snelgrove, and is expressed in a lovely shade of blue chiffon, cut on slimming lines with a flowing train. The cape forms a slight pouch, and is fastened at the waist with shaded velvet flowers

Lenare

Jessie Edwards

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Edwards, of Richmond Hill Road, Edgbaston, and is engaged to Jack Dudley, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Dudley, of Oxshott, Surrey

Douglas

Editha Drakeford

Editha Phyllis Drakeford, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Drakeford, is engaged to Dr. John Charles Buckley, the only son of Dr. and Mrs. Buckley, of Bramcote, Notts

Poole, Dublin

Breda Sherlock

Is the daughter of Mr. Gerald J. Sherlock, City Manager and Town Clerk of Dublin; she is engaged to John H. Everall, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Everall, of Berwick Mount, Shrewsbury. Both she and her fiancé are well known in the hunting worlds of their home countries

Wingate — Watts

Left: William Harold Wingate, son of Brig.-Gen. Wingate, D.S.O., and Ella Dorothea Bonsall Watts leaving Wolborough Parish Church, Newton Abbot, after their wedding

Below: George Paterson, of the Nigerian Administrative Service, and Aubrey Morris, daughter of Major Cyril Morris, London Fire Brigade Headquarters, Southwark, were married at Southwark Cathedral, with a guard of honour of firemen

Paterson — Morris

Barkley — Peel

Left: Edward Trevor Barkley, only son of Capt. and Mrs. R. E. Barkley, of British Columbia, and Daphne G. M. Peel, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Graham Peel, of Peover Hall, Cheshire, were married at St. Lawrence's, Over Peover

Lambert — Arkwright

Major Ronald S. Lambert, M.C., and Anne Arkwright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Arkwright, of 39, Boundary Road, N.W., leaving the Church of St. Ethelburga the Virgin, Bishopsgate, where they were married last week

Robins — Beddwell

Left: G. H. Robins, Assistant Superintendent of the Ceylon Police, and his bride, Miss L. Beddwell, leaving St. Mary's, Hendon, after their wedding

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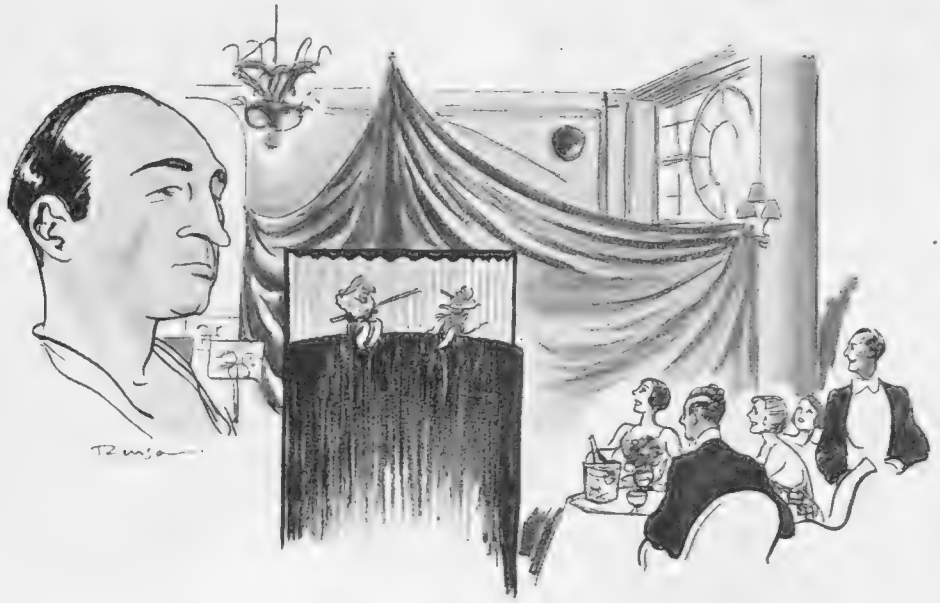
LONDON NIGHTS

Dance, Dinner and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers



Punch and Judy at the Carlton

A sketch of the amusing cabaret a Tuesday or so ago at the Carlton. On the left is George Prentice, the clever operator of Punch and his butts

Grosvenor House

THERE 'LL always be room in London for at least one "Les Girls" show ("always" means this year, anyway), as long as the standard of blonde undress can be kept high. How many thousands of seats have been bought at the Folies-Bergère, in Paris, by Englishmen? Whatever the answer is, some of those Englishmen can nowadays work off some of their enthusiasm for displayed female charms by going to Grosvenor House. And they do. The fan dance, in particular, gives them an eyeful, and in even more particular, the appearance of the young lady who, as someone suggested, would be banned by the Censor if she so much as sneezed.

The new show, now about a month old, has been going with a great swing, in spite of the "off-ness" of the time of year. The Duke and Duchess of Kent saw it before they left England; Lord Dudley, the Grand Duke Dmitri, Lords Poulett, Cadogan, Ilchester, Milton, Warwick, Donegall are a few of the good names that the list of frequent and less frequent admirers of "Les Girls" can provide.

Gomez and Winona, the ball-room dancers in Spanish style, always get a big round of applause. Winona is as graceful as can be, and her figure compares favourably with even La Jana's. Two young men called Vale and Stuart do some very competent tap-dancing, and little Emilée Adréon acrobats up and down the steps which form the back of the stage. And then there are the Arnaut Brothers, who are absurdly funny with their violins (they also do a comic musical turn for the benefit of the diners earlier in the evening). They are most popular of all when they dress themselves up as a canary (or something) and boy friend and have a whistled conversation which includes a lovers' tiff and making-up. Syd Lipton and his band, and Moschetto and

Grosvenor House Impressions

On the left are Vale and Stuart, who do a tap-dancing turn; on the right are Gomez and Winona, the brilliant pair of ball-room dancers; and in the centre, a top-hatted selection of those dear little things, "Les Girls," the backbone of the Monte Carlo Follies show

The successful Hostess knows

THE secret of successful entertaining is self-confidence and to be self-confident you must know that, from the Cocktails to the Coffee, your dinner will be perfect. Your Coffee above all, because it is the last memory your guests will carry away, must not fail you.

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Swaebe

The Villa Rodet: the Band

Harry Green's band is now playing dance music at the Villa Rodet; they are specially good at valses and tangos. On the left is Gattoni, the manager

orchestra continue to provide the accompaniment for dancing and the cabaret.

The Carlton

FRANCES DAY was singing here last week; she is one of night-life's surest draws, whether on the stage or in cabaret, and has the proverbial bodyfull of personality in a crook of her little finger. The Carlton Tuesday-nighters took to her in a big way, as might have been expected. She may have repeated her appearance last night, but advance news of cabaret plans here is hard to come by.

Rudy Grasl has also appeared for several Tuesdays, and has made a success of his London visit. He is from Vienna, a clever stunt pianist, and with plenty of Austrian charm.

In place of advance news with an official backing, there are rumours which hint at the Carlton's taking on a six-night week instead of concentrating only on Tuesdays. This would be a welcome move. With the Jubilee season coming, there will be plenty of room in the dinner and supper calendar for another full-time restaurant, especially one with an aura of tradition of glory in Edwardian and pre-war days. It 's all in keeping with the Jubilee spirit—such a link between the past and the present.

Villa Rodet

BYSTANDER faces (if we may claim the honour) made the Villa Rodet look like a page of " Listen " one night last week. This was on February 12th, Lady Mary Lygon's birthday, to celebrate which there was an enormous party, with a special " many happy returns " menu. Lady Mary Lygon's sisters were there, naturally; Lady Alington and one, or both, of her sisters; Lady Mary Dunn and her husband and brother; Lady Juliet Duff; Lord Berners; the Sleeping Bart.; Mr. Edward Jessel and Lady Helen Stewart, who were married two days later; and a good many more.

There was a radio-ish cabaret, which is liable to be still there this week. John Hendrik sang; he is an international broadcasting star and sings Viennese songs charmingly; but the cabaret atmosphere isn't kind to him. Eric Barker does a burlesque of various types of broadcasters, and has some amusing lines, and Pat Hyde (she 's a girl) croons, and also plays the accordion rather well.

Theodor Guitter's band is away on tour; he is much missed, as his music, both for listening to and dancing, belongs very distinctively to Slavdom, and this *is* a Russian restaurant. But he 'll be back, we hope. In the meantime, Harry Green and band play; they are an offshoot of Giraldo, of the Savoy, and are well up to standard.

The Café de la Paix

THE Café de la Paix has taken on a most Ciro-esque aspect since last week, when Ferraro (G. for Ciro's) took charge of the management of the restaurant. Ciro's is very much missed from London's lunch and night life, but that Ferraro is " in circulation " again is a definite consolation. Shy and retiring though he is, he has more friends than many a more forthcoming restaurateur, and one may presume that more and more of the people who used to

frequent Orange Street, will find their way to Swallow Street. Louis, who was also at Ciro's for some time, has been at the Café de la Paix since last summer, and is in charge of the Windsor Grill downstairs.

Beryl Seton, "rhythm and charm" girl, started a cabaret engagement last week which still continues. She sings and dances, and knows how to put her act over; she had been doing Binnie Hale parts on tour, and finds a London supper-time audience more cheerful, if more talkative, than most provincial ones. Frisco, the coloured gent from Paris and Biarritz, provides a song or two in both humorous and sentimental vein.

Gustavo Ferraro

Late of Ciro's, and now in charge of the restaurant at the Café de la Paix

The Kensington Wine Lodge

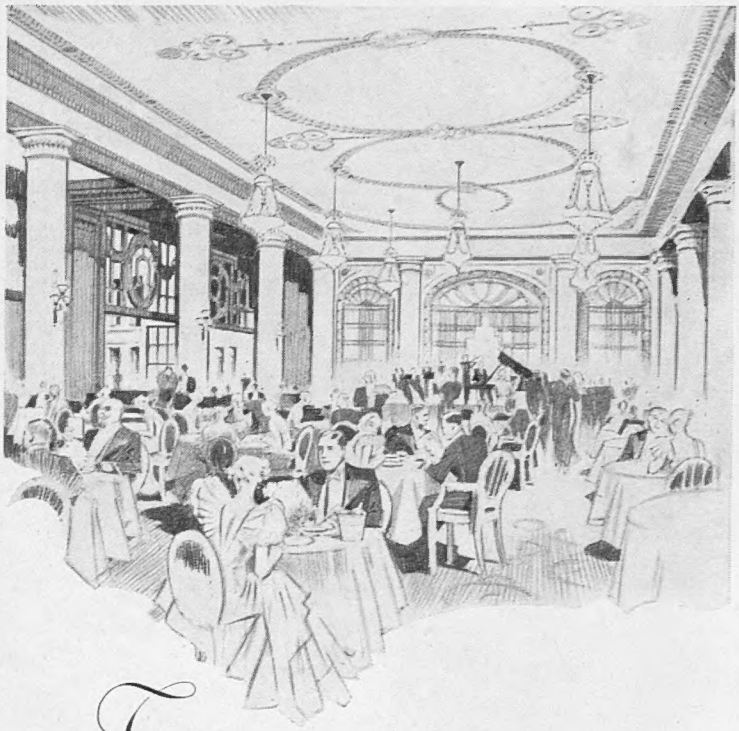
Plus ça change, and the rest—here is another sign of the unchanging habits of change. Always the movement is to the west, and always supply and demand co-operate to produce new features of London life, or the same feature somewhere else. In other words, Mr. F. Emberson has opened a sherry-bar-wine-lodge-grill in South Kensington.

Mr. Emberson's speciality is selling fine sherry by the glass from the wood, and he calculated that some of South Kensington's new flat-dwellers could do with their special share of his speciality. So he has started his new wine lodge under Crompton Court, the block of flats in Pelham Street, near South Kensington Station. The place is attractively decorated, with beamed roof, panelled walls and candle lights in brass chandeliers of Dutch design. The general atmosphere is, in fact, worthy of the fame of his sherries, and gives the new South Kensington-ites a very pleasant before-dinner meeting-ground.

There is also a snack counter with an electric grill, which fills a felt want in the district and will save a good many taxi-fares in the Piccadilly direction. E. L.

The Kensington Wine Lodge

A new departure on the part of Mr. F. Emberson, the sherry king; he has opened his new wine lodge under Crompton Court, the Pelham Street block of flats



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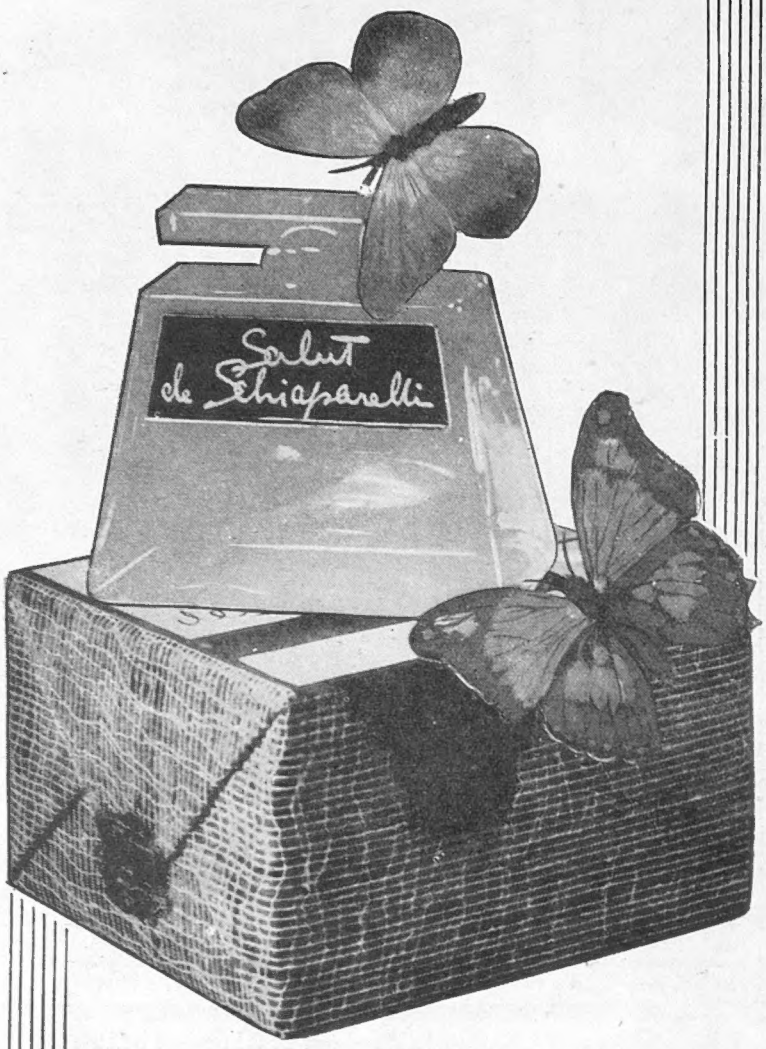

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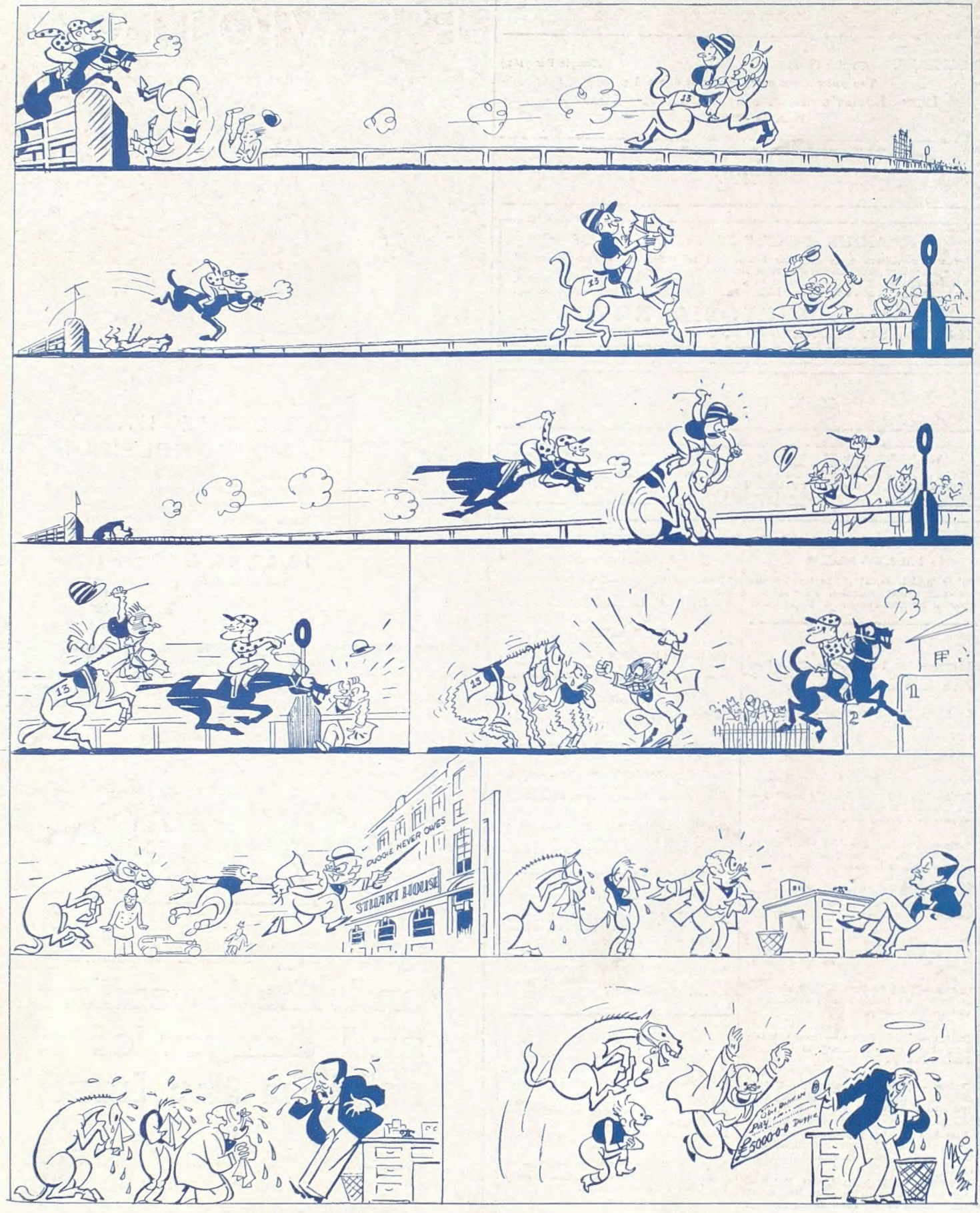

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